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WON FOR A WAGER.

"I have come to ask you a favor, general," observed St. Albans as he entered the room.

"Certainly, my dear boy," answered the general, opening the drawer of a table standing near, and pulling out a cheque-book. "I've been young myself, and I know what it is to outrun the constable. How much do you want? Don't be afraid, speak out!"

"My dear sir, you have mistaken my meaning," answered Harry, deeply affected. "Thank Heaven! I am not in want of money."

"What can I do for you, then?"

"Why, sir, you were kind enough this morning to express a desire that you might have an opportunity of doing me a favor. You have now the opportunity; in fact, the happiness or misery of my future life lies in your hands!"

"What is it, my boy? I'll be hanged if I can understand you."

"To speak plainly, sir, I love your daughter, and she returns my affection. Have I your permission to make her my wife?"

For half a minute the old gentleman sat silent and motionless. Then, speaking slowly, he replied: "That was the very last thing in my thoughts, and the shock upset for a moment. She is the only thing left now that I have to live for; but of course it must come sooner or later." The old general, deeply agitated, bent his head down for a moment, then, as if recovering himself, he said huskily:

"Take her, my boy. I am sorry, more than sorry, to part with her; but I would sooner you had her than anybody else in the world."

The tears stood in the old gentleman's eyes as Harry seized his hand and exclaimed:

"General, I will never be the cause of separating you from your child."

The general shook his head doubtingly.

"In my old home down in Warwickshire there is room for half-a-dozen families, and if you will consent to take up your abode with us, nobody will be more pleased than myself."

A hearty shake of the hands was the only reply, and St. Albans quitted the Den so full of happiness that the house seemed too small and contracted, and he was obliged to go out into the park and to walk off some of his excitement.

Meanwhile, after lunch, Isabel had returned to the morning-room.

She had not been seated very long when the door opened, and Horace Austen walked in.

"Mr. Austen!" cried Isabel in surprise.

"Yes, Miss Carlton," answered Austen, who looked pale and worried, "and I trust you will pardon my intrusion."

Isabel bowed assent.

"Your butler told me you were here, and alone, and as I particularly wished to see you, I thought I would take advantage of the circumstance."

"What can I do for you, Mr. Austen?"

"Everything, Miss Carlton," replied the young man, turning very pale. "The fact is, I have come down here on purpose to—to—to settle my future fate. Do you understand me?"

Isabel immediately thought of her cousin Lucy, and replied encouragingly:

"I think I do, Mr. Austen, and I may say that I do not fancy you have any necessity to be so nervous over the matter."

"Indeed! Is that really so?" cried the poor fellow, seizing her hand as he spoke. "Does the object of my adoration return my affection, then?"

"Perhaps it is not quite right of me to say as much," answered Isabel with a smile; "but I think I can assure you that she does."

"Oh, Isabel!" exclaimed Austen, covering her hand with kisses. "The devotion of a lifetime cannot repay you for the happiness, the ecstasy you have caused me! Oh, my dearest, sweetest——"

"What do you mean, Mr. Austen?" enquired Isabel, pulling her hand away, and drawing herself up somewhat haughtily. "I think we have been making a mistake."

"Oh no, do not say that!" cried Austen. "I have come down on purpose, Isabel, to lay my heart and hand at your feet, and——"

"I thought you were speaking of my cousin, Miss Meredith," interrupted Isabel.

"Not for a moment!" replied Austen. "It is you that I love, Isabel; will you consent to become my wife?"

"I am really very sorry, Mr. Austen, that we should have had this misunderstanding," answered Isabel, "for although I am deeply grateful to you for the honor you have done me, I must decline it."

"Don't say that! for Heaven's sake, don't say that!" exclaimed Austen, his eyes growing dim. "Be my wife, Isabel, and I will devote my life to ensure your happiness!"

"It cannot be, Mr. Austen," replied Isabel. "I regret having to cause you pain; but it is no use my allowing you to indulge in false hopes, so it will be kinder of me to tell you at once. I love another."

Austen sank into a chair standing near him, and covered his face with his hands.

There is always something painful in witnessing a man's grief, and especially so for a woman when she knows she is the cause.

Isabel watched him in silence for a few minutes, and then approaching, placed her hand upon his shoulder and observed:

"Do not give way like that, Mr. Austen. Bear up against your grief like a man. I will promise to forget what has passed during the last half hour, so that nobody shall be any the wiser, and in the course of time you will no doubt find somebody who will make you happier than I could possibly have done."

"Never, never!" murmured Austen; "my future life is a blank. I shall never care for another woman."

"Don't say that," exclaimed Isabel soothingly. "Compose yourself, and look at it from a sensible point of view; if you give way in this manner you will only make yourself the cynosure of all eyes, and possibly the laughing-stock of your friends. Be a man, conquer the weakness, and show me that I can still reckon on Horace Austen as a friend."

"You can, you can!" answered Horace, mastering his agitation. "If ever you want a friend, come to me. I will serve you to the death."

"I was sure of it," observed Isabel; "and now I will leave you to recover yourself."

And she quietly left the room.

Some people, when they have a grief, pet it and nourish it, and seem to take a delight in enlarging and increasing it in every possible way.

Horace Austen was one of these, and after Isabel had quitted the apartment, he sat with his head in his hands, as thoroughly wretched as he could possibly make himself.

He was so occupied with his affliction that he did not hear the door open behind him, and his first knowledge of anyone having entered the room was a low sweet voice exclaiming:

"Oh, Mr. Austen, what is the matter?"

And Lucy Meredith, looking charming in her riding-habit, but evidently much discomposed at the sight before her, advanced towards him.

Horace did not reply; in fact, he could not.

"What is the matter? Do tell me," cried Lucy, sitting down by his side, and looking as miserable himself. "You are not ill, Horace, are you?"

"I am not ill," answered Austen with a sigh.

"Then what is it? Do tell me. Confide in me. It will relieve you to speak about your grief, whatever it is."

And Lucy took his hand with a true woman's sympathy.

Unhappy as Horace was, he could not help noticing, in a little sidelong glance that he indulged in, how wonderfully pretty Lucy looked, with her soft eyes full of compassion, as she timidly caressed his hand.

"I cannot speak of it," replied Horace. "It must descend with me to my grave."

"Oh, do not say so!" exclaimed Lucy. "Trust in me. Your trouble may not be so great as you think it."

"Oh, yes, it is—far greater," answered Horace. "In fact, it couldn't be greater."

"But surely something can be done," said Lucy. Then she continued coaxingly: "Come now, tell me all about it."

Horace had another look at her.

She was certainly a charming little girl, and was evidently prepossessed in his favor.

Besides Isabel had given him to understand as much.

It was very pleasant to be sympathised with by a pretty girl, and Horace had always had a certain regard for Lucy.

When the first bell rang before dinner, Lucy Meredith had promised, with a good deal of blushing, and a few happy tears, to become Mrs. Horace Austen.

CHAPTER V.

DISHONORED—A WELL-MERITED CHASTISEMENT.

The next day Harry St. Albans had ridden over to Witherton, ostensibly to look after a favorite horse that he expected down, but in reality to cool his excitement by means of a good gallop.

Harry had not quitted the Hall half an hour, when a footman announced a visitor.

"A gentleman wishes to see you, miss."

"To see me, James?"

"Yes, miss," replied the footman. "On business, I think he said."

"Oh, about some charity, I suppose. Show him in."

Five minutes later, and Mr. Marcus Barbsly stood before her.

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Barbsly?" exclaimed Isabel, drawing herself up as she prepared to leave the room. "The last time I saw you, I desired you never to force your way into my presence again."

"I know you did," answered Barbsly. "But what is the use of speaking like that to a man who loves you as I do? You might as well order a starving wretch not to eat food if it was placed before him. Stay a minute. Do not leave me yet. I have something to tell you that will interest you, something about St. Albans. Ah, I thought that would prove the sesame to your attention."

"If you have anything to say about Captain St. Albans, be quick and say it," exclaimed Isabel, "for I have no time to waste."

"Before I commence," said Barbsly, "let me ask you once more, is there no chance for me?"

"How dare you speak thus?" said Isabel indignantly.

"Can you not return me a little affection for the wealth of passionate love I feel for you?" said Barbsly, unheeding her remark. "I will be satisfied with very little, and——"

"If you have only called this morning to insult me, Mr. Barbsly," cried Isabel, "I will wish you good day."

"Stay a moment," said Barbsly. "By Heaven, if I can't win you, I swear St. Albans shan't. What I have come about this morning is to show you a little memorandum signed a few months ago by Captain St. Albans; for, although you will not hearken to my love, I still love you, and would not have your happiness wrecked by a gambling *roue*."

"What do you mean, sir?" enquired Isabel indignantly. "If Captain St. Albans were present you would not dare to make use of such language in connection with his name."

"Will you kindly read that?"

And he handed her his little betting-book.

Isabel glanced at the page, caught St. Albans' signature, and read the cruel wager that he had made with Barbsly the previous June.

"Oh, it is impossible!" she cried wildly. "It cannot be true! You have forged this for your own base purposes. I will not believe it, sir! It is simply impossible that Captain St. Albans could have behaved in such a manner."

"If you do not believe me and the evidence of your own eyes, ask Captain St. Albans," answered Barbsly coolly. "Hard-hearted profligate as he is, I don't think he would stoop to a falsehood."

"I will ask him," said Isabel, "and if you have been vilifying him, beware, sir, for his just indignation will be terrible."

"I can stand all that," replied Barbsly with a sneer. "By-the-bye, you had better keep the page the wager is written upon."

And tearing it out he handed it over to her.

"You might have spared yourself all this pain and misery, you know," he remarked, "if you would but have accepted my love when——"

"Silence! Do not profane the name of love by using it in connection with your vile passion," interrupted Isabel; "and now you have accomplished your object, perhaps you will go: there is the door."

She rang the bell as she spoke, and, only half satisfied with his morning's proceedings, Barbsly was shown out.

Lunch was over when St. Albans returned from his ride, and he was leaving his room after changing his things when a servant met him and said:

"Miss Carlton would like to see you in the morning-room, sir, when you are disengaged."

Wondering what Isabel wanted, Harry hastened downstairs.

"My darling——" he commenced as he entered the room, but he caught sight of her pale cheeks and wild staring eyes, and full of unknown fear, he approached her in silence.

"Harry, Marcus Barbsly has been here this morning," she exclaimed, but in such a hard unnatural voice that it sounded scarcely human. "He gave me this memorandum, and told me that you made the bet, and signed it. Is it true?"

"My dearest Isabel," replied St. Albans, "allow me to explain——"

"I do not want any explanation," interrupted Isabel. "Is it true?"

"Do let me relate——"

"Is it true? Yes or no?"

"Let me tell you how——"

"Is it true? That is all I want to know. Is it true?"

"It is true, but——"

"Gracious God! And I have been won for a wager! My affections have been trifled with, and my loving heart gained simply to be played with and then thrown away!"

"It is not so, Isabel, I swear," cried Harry. "I acknowledge that I was foolish enough to make this bet, but it was before I knew you. Directly I became acquainted with you, I learned to love you for yourself——"

"And what is the amount of the wager—five hundred pounds! Do not forget that, Captain St. Albans," interrupted Isabel, "to say nothing of being able to boast at your club of another conquest. Oh, Heaven! that I can know how I have been treated and yet live! I wish I were dead or mad, I care not which, so that I should not know the shame and disgrace that I am suffering."

"Dearest Isabel, pray be reasonable, and hear my explanation," said St. Albans.

"I do not wish to hear another word from your lips, Captain St. Albans," answered Isabel; "you have done me the greatest wrong it was in your power to do, and I never wish to see you again. Oh, great Heaven, why did you not let me drown? Better be dead a thousand times than live to endure such shame as this."

"But, Isabel, I beseech you to listen to me for one brief minute, while I——"

"I shall do nothing of the kind. For once and for ever understand that it is all over between us. You are my father's guest, consequently I cannot order you out of the house, but if you have the smallest remnant of gentlemanly feeling left, you will remove your obnoxious presence as quickly as you can."

"Is it possible, Isabel," exclaimed St. Albans, "that your affection for me has vanished so quickly? You never could have loved me at all."

"I did love you, St. Albans, and truly, but you have completely altered my nature, and now I hate you. Go! Get out of my sight! Every time I look upon you I think of my dishonored name, and if you remain here much longer, I believe I shall lose my senses."

"Good-bye, Isabel," cried St. Albans, "you are driving from you a man who loves you truly and devotedly. I have been foolish, I acknowledge, but not criminal. Some day you may see your error and be sorry. When you do, I only hope you will not feel half the agony and anguish that I am suffering now. Good-bye, and may God bless you."

In half an hour St. Albans was once more riding towards Witherton.

He started away from the Hall at a wild gallop, but as he neared the town his pace gradually decreased.

It happened to be market day and the High street was crowded with farmers and their wives.

A crowd of about a dozen gentlemen had collected about "The Swan," the hotel *par excellence*, and as St. Albans pulled up, he caught the sound of a sneering laugh.

For a moment all the blood in his body seemed to rush to his head.

With an immense exertion of self-control he calmed himself and looked quietly round. As he had expected, the centre of the group was Marcus Barbsly.

He was standing with his hands in his pockets, and a malignant cynical smile upon his evil face.

Very calmly St. Albans threw his bridle to the ostler, who had come out to assist him, and dismounted.

Without the slightest change of countenance the guardsman walked straight up to the man who had wrecked his earthly happiness. Barbsly turned very pale, and seemed for a moment to cower, but before he could move, St. Albans seized him by the collar of his coat.

"Cowardly, treacherous scoundrel!" he exclaimed. "I warned you how I should treat you. You have had your innings, now I shall have mine."

Then turning him round as though he had been a child, he commenced to flog him.

His horsewhip was a stout one, made of hide, and the arm that wielded it knew how to use it to advantage.

Barbsly's coat was soon cut to ribbons, and the lashes commenced to mark his back. He howled, shrieked and prayed for mercy, but St. Albans was adamant.

"You shall receive the mercy you have shown me," he answered between his teeth.

At length, when the wretch's back was striped with long red cuts, and his own arm began to ache, he desisted.

"Now, if you have the spirit of a man in you, and require satisfaction," he exclaimed, "you will find me at my club, and I shall not refuse you. In the meantime, go and rest in your proper sphere—the gutter!"

And lifting him up with one hand, he flung him heavily into the filth and *debris* that had accumulated by the side of the pathway.

CHAPTER VI.

RETRIBUTION.

And in death they were not divided.

About a couple of months after the events related in the last chapter, a number of gentlemen were seated in the smoking-room of the principal hotel in a small garrison town.

"By-the-bye, Jones," exclaimed one, "who is your new major?"

"A fellow named St. Albans," was the reply. "He was in the Guards, but he exchanged into ours, because we are ordered out to the Cape."

"By Jove! that's queer taste."

"They say that he's tired of his life," remarked another; "and, by Jingo, it looks like it! I never saw a man ride 'cross country as he does, in my life. I believe if there was a house in the way he would go for it."

"That reminds there's a meet to-morrow, isn't there?"

"Yes, at the Red Gate."

A stranger who had been seated near the door now rose and left the room. Making his way down to the stables, he accosted the ostler.

"I want a hunter for to-morrow; can you let me have one?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "We have two or three clever fencers. What kind of hoss do you want?"

"I want weight," answered Barbsly, for it was he. "I don't care about his points so long as he is a heavy horse."

The ostler stared, but led the way into the stable, and exhibited an animal that looked like a heavy dragoon's charger.

"There's the animal you want, sir."

"He'll do," said Barbsly, and handing the man half-a-crown to refresh his memory he retired.

The following morning was anything but an inviting one, misty, damp and drizzling. There was a fair meet, however, and a fox was soon found.

St. Albans' horse was just getting into his stride when he perceived a rider coming across the field towards him. A second look, and he recognized Barbsly.

"What on earth does he want with me?" thought St. Albans. "Perhaps he is going to try the horsewhip on me. It will be worse for him if he does. Anyhow I shan't get out of his way."

In fact, it would have been rather difficult to have done so.

The major was riding close to an immense bullfinch, and unless he had pulled in it would have been impossible to have avoided him.

Nearer and nearer approached the two horses, and St. Albans called out:

"Where are you riding? Look where you are coming!"

"I am riding at you, Henry St. Albans," replied Barbsly; "and now I am going to have my revenge, curse you!"

Now St. Albans saw his danger.

He was mounted on a delicate, highly-bred animal, in comparison to which the other was a dray-horse.

If they met he was bound to be overthrown, and at the pace they were going the consequences would most likely be fatal.

The major did not fear death—on the contrary, he had courted it several times in the last few months; but he did not want Marcus Barbsly to have the satisfaction of being the cause of it.

The only chance he had now was to get ahead by means of increased speed, and he encouraged his horse by whip and spur. But Barbsly had well calculated his angle, and in another half minute the collision must occur.

Suddenly Barbsly's animal caught his foot in a rabbit burrow, stumbled, and fell heavily, throwing his rider over his head against the trunk of a tree close to the hedge.

St. Albans immediately pulled up, and one or two others rode over and dismounted. They raised him and felt his pulse, but his heart had ceased to beat.

His neck was broken.

* * * * * *

Our concluding scene is in the Transvaal. For hours our gallant men had been fighting against a better-armed and more numerous body of the enemy.

Their ammunition was expended, but still they were not conquered.

The casualties during the engagement were enormous, and the Boers, with their usual good-feeling, not satisfied with the execution they had committed, were amusing themselves by firing at the hospital tent in spite of the red cross banner that waved above it.

The surgeons were almost worn out, and had it not been for the assistance of some noble-minded women, who, following Miss Nightingale's glorious example, had left country and comfort to attend the poor wounded soldiers, heaven only knows what they would have done.

"Sister Hyacinth," exclaimed one of the medical men, "assist me for a moment here; see if you can get a little brandy down his throat."

Sister Hyacinth approached, and, raising the pallid face, upon which the dew of death had already commenced to gather, placed the canteen to his lips.

As her gaze fell upon the well-remembered features, a spasmodic cry burst forth:

"Harry!"

The sound of that sweet and well-loved voice recalled the fleeting spirit, and St. Albans opened his eyes.

"Isabel," he murmured, "is it really you? Now I can die happy."

"Do not talk of dying, my darling," cried Isabel. "Live for my love! I was wrong, Harry, to send you away; I know all now, but it was my wicked pride. Will you forgive me, Harry?"

"Yes; a thousand times yes," replied Harry. "This is happiness—to know that you still love me. Now I shall go hence content."

"No, no, Harry," wailed Isabel; "you must live for me. You must not—shall not die!"

"One kiss, darling!" murmured the dying man, opening his arms.

She threw herself upon his breast with bitter sobs, and their lips were pressed together.

Suddenly a well-known whistling sound was audible, and a rifle-bullet, fired from the hill above, entered the tent.

It struck Isabel behind the shoulder, and penetrated transversely through her lover's left breast.

They were killed by the same ball, locked in each other's arms, and they lie in the same grave, in a far-off land.

Mrs. Austen's eldest daughter is christened Isabel, and when Lucy and Horace are engaged in the delightful occupation of "baby worship," they frequently speak of her unfortunate namesake, and how she was "WON FOR A WAGER."

THE END.

The Live Beyond the Grave.

Imagination is all that is left to us, and any man may create his own ideal heaven; may be his own artist, and with his own palette and brush paint his own heaven in as glowing colors as his fancy can depict, always with the limitation of the spiritual knowledge that we have, that love is eternal, and that what is purest and loftiest, the noblest aspirations, the highest aims that man can conceive of, must enter into its composition. The grand panorama laid before us in the Revelations symbolize, the war waged with sin and the perfectness of the life hereafter. Our power of perception is simply impressed. Nothing definite is given us.—[Henry Ward Beecher.

Practical Sympathy.

Sympathizing Friend (to Smith, whose wife has just eloped with a coachman)—I feel for you, old fellow, deeply. It is difficult for me to find words with which to express my sympathy for you, in this your hour of sore affliction, but if there is anything I can do—

Smith (with suppressed emotion) M-make me an o-offer for the h-horses, carriage, and two sets of h-harness just as they's stand.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

THE LOVE LETTERS' STORIES.

The old writing desk, with its odd brass trimmings, its mahogany veneer, its carved legs and heavy back, was covered with papers. It was the week after the funeral, and the executors of his estate had spent several days ransacking his study, arranging, preserving and destroying his papers preparatory to the arrival of his nephew and heir. It was not an easy task straightening out these papers. He had a foolish way of saving his letters. There were not many of them, it is true, for he wrote very little during the latter part of his life, but it was difficult for his executors to decide what should be kept and what burned. So it happened that when they found in a half hidden drawer a package of three love letters tied together with a bit of ribbon yellow with age and fragrant with the musty odor of time, they spread them out on the desk and concluded to leave them there till the new master arrived, when he should decide upon their fate. The search had continued all day, and the sun was making giant trees upon the rose bushes which grew beside the library window when the executors left the room and locked the door behind them. For a long time there was silence unbroken save by the murmuring complaint of some hapless scrap of paper buried beneath a pile of letters half smothered by the weight and the rustling, which was only to be expected when so many sheets of paper, bent and crumbled, creased and wrinkled by years of confinement, suddenly found themselves at liberty. At length one of the letters in the package—a square old-fashioned letter written on heavy blue paper—looked around the library with an air of curiosity and inquired in a rather shrill feminine voice, what the cause of this unusual confusion.

"Don't you know?" gravely asked the quill pen, which was suspended in the rack behind the ink-stand.

"No," replied the letter. "What is it?"

"Where have you been?" asked the pen.

"Where do you suppose?" answered the letter petulantly. "I have been shut up in that musty old drawer for nearly thirty years. It's a wonder I am able to breathe at all. Would you mind sprinkling a little dust in my face? This air is so fresh it almost suffocates me."

The pen regretted that it was unable to do so, but informed the letter that when the housemaid cleaned up the room in the morning it would doubtless be accommodated.

"Under these circumstances," continued the pen, "I don't see as you are to blame. So I will tell you. He died last week, and—"

"What is that you tell me?" interrupted the letter. "Has he died? Well, I thought he would live forever."

"You knew him, then?"

"I did," answered the letter, "very well. I was written to him by a young lady he met at the seaside when he was young and handsome. They had driven together, walked and read together all the summer long, and when she went away to her home in the South and he came back here, everybody thought they would be married. So I have heard him say repeatedly. He thought so too. I was the first letter she wrote to him, and I don't suppose there ever was anything he thought so much of as he did of me."

The letter said this with such an air of conviction that for a moment none of the other letters ventured to contradict it.

"He used to press me to his lips," continued the letter, proudly, "and he slept with me under his pillow for a week."

"I think," observed a letter half concealed in a three-cornered pink envelope which was resting uncomfortably on its side by the inkstand, "that he used to care a good deal for me, too."

"You!" retorted the blue letter scornfully, for even a woman's letter detests rivalry. "Who are you, pray?"

"I came from a woman, too," replied the triangular letter nettled by the other's tone.

"Ah! indeed," said the pink letter warmly, "Yes," returned she, "I, too. She was the sister of his college mate, and she was beautiful. They met at her home where he spent his first vacation. They fell in love at once, and when he went back to college she wrote me. I came before you did and I know he thought more of me than he possibly could of any other letter."

"Humph! That is what you know about it. I'll leave it to our friend, the pen."

"Well," observed the pen with judicial dignity, "I have noticed that a man usually thinks more of the last letter he gets than he does of the first. Men are forgetful creatures."

"You are not the last letter he has had," retorted the pink letter. "There are others he thought more of than he did of you."

"Yes," that may be so," replied the blue letter, "but you are none of those. I came after you did."

"I don't believe there are," answered the former hotly. "He used to put me between the leaves of his Latin books, and the professors thought he was the hardest student in the class."

"He didn't marry either of your authors, did he?" observed the pen, gracefully changing the subject.

"No," replied the blue letter, "but it wasn't his fault. He wanted to marry the woman who wrote me badly enough. I don't know that she exactly jilted him, but I have always thought she did. She was an imperious woman and commanding, and determined to have her own way, which she generally did. They corresponded for a year or two until there was a pile of letters just like me that would cover this desk. One day he tore up all the rest, leaving me alone, and from what he said I know that she had refused him."

"What did he say?" inquired the pen.

"Not much. Only a very few words. It was more in his tone than in the words themselves. As he tore the letters he sighed and tears stood in his eyes. 'Well,' he said to himself sadly, 'I hope he will make her happier than I could have done.'"

"Why didn't he tear you too?" asked the pink letter.

"Because he thought too much of me," replied the other.

"Well," remarked the pink letter, "the girl who wrote me died or he would have married her. If she had lived he would never have fallen in love with your author."

"Don't be too sure of that," broke in the pen sagely, for it knew considerable of the world for a pen. "The first love is not always the lasting one. So I have noticed."

"Yes, but this would have been an exception. He loved her so much. Why you never saw such devotion. They were so young, too. But they were as devoted as two grown people. Isn't that unusual?"

At this the pen spread its points in a smile and ruffled its plumage in good natured derision.

"Well," continued the letter, "I don't care what you think about it. I know it was unusual. So every one used to say, and I am sure if she had only lived they would have been very happy. At any rate, he has always treasured me more closely than any other letter. I know that."

"You only think you know," retorted the blue letter angrily.

"What have you to say?" interposed the pen with rare tact, addressing the remaining letter—a little unfashionable letter which was lying spread open and face upward under the shadow of the pen rack.

The letter made no reply.

"Who wrote you," again inquired the pen.

"Phillis did, replied the letter, sweetly."

Letters, by the way, have voices the same as the women who write them, and if you don't believe it just take the letter your Phillis writes, place it next to your heart and listen to its sweet-toned voice.

"Did he love her too?" asked the blue letter, with a trace of malice in its voice.

"Yes," answered the letter, "he did, and she loved him, too."

"Where did you come in, before or after me?" asked the blue letter.

"I really don't know. I didn't know anything about you. He always knew Phillis. He was the best man at her wedding. He was Jack's best friend. Jack was Phillis's husband. When Jack died he buried him. I was written a year after the funeral, years and years ago."

"What did you have to say?"

"I told him that Phillis would marry him, that she loved him and always had done so."

"Well," replied the blue letter, why didn't she?"

"I was mislaid some way and never reached him until a few years ago."

"That was very romantic," interrupted the pink letter; "but what I want to know is whether you think he cared more for you than he did for either of us?"

"I really don't know," returned the letter, modestly. "I never thought of that. I always felt so sorry for him when I saw the pain I gave him that it drove everything else out of my head."

"Pain? What pain, pray?" asked the pen. "You told him she would marry him, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"I suppose he changed his mind and concluded not to marry her," observed the blue letter, suggestively.

"No," returned the other sadly. "When he got me Phillis was dead."

BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

GIRLS' CONVERSATION.

Effect of Education in an English Boarding School.

To converse well gives such happy grace to a woman that it remains to be told why conversation is as a study almost entirely neglected in the education of our girls. Why should girls be brought up to suppose that talking is conversing? Why cannot it be a matter of necessity that they should learn in their youth the rudimentary rules of conversation? Among the upper ten thousand the girls learn intuitively to speak on subjects of general interest. Lady Corisande and her young friends live in an elevated intellectual world, where graces of thought are cherished and expression is studied. If she chooses to narrow her conversation to horsey subjects, or spend her time in flirtation, indulging in slang, she does so in spite of her natural surroundings, she falls a little in the estimation of her compeers.

But the girl of the great middle class is not so happily placed. Perhaps her "transmitted education" has been of the very slightest. Her parents have had a hard struggle in the beginning, though they are wealthy now and send their daughters to a first rate school. Do we not all know the style of conversation at a girls' school? The whispering of secrets, which generally savor of incipient flirtations; the comparison of length of hair and size of gloves; the question as to whether Mary laces, and, from one especially vulgar minded, purse proud, descriptions of size of her father's house near Manchester. The general rule at a girl's school in England is that French is spoken during school hours and at meals. The remembrance of a week spent by the writer at a prosperous school still remains. Each of the girls was paid for at the rate of two or three hundred a year, and the table was carefully and well served in every respect. The eighteen girls were all well dressed, and physically good looking, the pale, intellectual faces of the governesses contrasting with the pink and white skins of the pupils. But how about the conversation? The girls, ranging from fourteen to eighteen years, sat dumb, while the principal, a handsome clever woman, talked over their heads in fluent, graceful French, which was only partially understood by the more advanced pupils, the others eating their dinners stoically and indulging in their ungrammatical requests, nudges and signs, [illegible] in the regulation language.

One cannot help asking if the very best way of bringing out the latent qualities of the girls was being employed. These being English, would it not have been for the general gain if the conversation of their clever teacher had been in a language which they could have understood and taken part in, without being tongue-tied with the fear of grammatical blunders. It is a great advantage to talk French fluently; but were the girls learning even French by this method, and would not the strokes and pothooks of conversation have been a more useful lesson?—[London Queen.

Grotesque Similes.

A grotesque simile is sometimes very expressive. Remarkably so were those of Daniel Webster, who likened the word "would" in Rufus Choate's handwriting to a small gridiron struck by lightning; of a sailor, who likened a gentleman whose face was covered with whiskers up to his very eyes, to a rat peeping out of a bunch of oakum; of a Western reporter, who in a weather item on a cold day, said that the sun's rays, in the effort to thaw the ice, were as futile as the dull reflex of a painted yellow dog; of a conductor, who in a heated discussion as to speed, said the last time he ran his engine from Syracuse the telegraph poles on the side looked like a fine-tooth comb.

Similes of a like character are often heard among the common people, and are supposed to be the peculiar property of Western orators. Instances: As sharp as the little end of nothing; big as all outdoors; slick as grease, or greased lightning; melancholy as a Quaker meeting by moonlight; flat as a flounder; quick as a wink; not enough to make gruel for a sick grasshopper; not clothes enough to wad a gun; as limp and limber as an India rubber stove pipe; uneasy as a cat in a strange garret; not strong enough to haul a codfish off a gridiron; after you like a rat-terrier after a chipmunk squirrel; useless as whistling psalms to a dead horse; no more than a grasshopper wants an apron; don't make the difference of the shake of a frog's tail; like a crazy porpoise in a pond of red hot grease; enthusiasm boiled over, like a bottle of ginger pop; as impossible to penetrate his head as to bore through Mont Blanc with a boiled carrot; as impossible as to ladle the ocean dry with a clam-shell, or to suck the Gulf of Mexico through a goose-quill, or to stuff butter into a wild cat with a hot awl, or for a shad to climb up a flag-pole with a fresh mackerel under each fin, or for a cat to run up the stove-pipe with a tenzle tied to his tail, or for a man to lift himself over a fence by the straps of his boots.

There is another class of similes scarcely as pertinent, as for instance: It will melt in your mouth like a redhot brickbat; talk to him like a Dutch uncle; smiling as a basket of chips; old as Dick's hatband; happy as a clam at high water; quicker than you can say Jack Robinson; like all possessed; like fury; like all natur'; like all sixty; as quick as anything; mad as hops; mad as Halifax; sleeps like a top; run like thunder; deader than a door nail; getting along like two-forty on a blank road.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - JANUARY 15, 1886.

DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 1, 1886.

There will be a meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee, at the Bolton House, in the city of Harrisburg, Pa., at 4 o'clock, P. M., on *Wednesday, January* 20, 1886, to elect a Chairman and Permanent Secretary, and seven members of the State Executive Committee; and transact such other business as the Committee may determine. W. U. HENSEL, Chairman.

J. B. LICHTY, Secretary.

THE original conquest of Ireland took place in the twelfth century, when Henry II. made his son John lord of that country.

THE English Parliament met on Tuesday last. Its session will be the most important one that has been held for the last half a century and will be big with the fate of Ireland.

T. V. POWDERLY, General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, says: "If every laborer and every manufacturer would read daily a good paper, and keep posted on the topics of the time, I feel certain there would be less trouble."

JUDGE THURMAN, who was selected to act as umpire in the matters of dispute between the miners and operators of the Hocking Valley (Ohio) mining district, rendered his decision in favor of the miners on Friday last. He allows them their demand of an advance of ten cents per ton, and his decision, by agreement of the parties, is final.

NOTHING of special importance has transpired in Congress during the present week. The Presidential succession bill which passed the Senate just before the two weeks holiday recess, has been reported favorably in the House, but has not yet been discussed in that body. Several speeches have been delivered in the Senate against suspending the monthly coinage of silver dollars and two in favor of it. This question promises to occupy a great deal of the time of the two houses, but no change in the present law is anticipated.

IF there is any young man in this county, or more than one, between 18 and 22 years of age, desirous of entering the U. S. Military Academy at West Point and fitting himself for the Army, we direct his or their attention to the letter of Congressman Jacob M. Campbell, which is published in another part of our paper. As will be learned from the letter, a competitive examination as to the mental and physical qualifications of applicants from this, the Seventeenth Congressional district, composed of Somerset, Cambria, Blair and Bedford counties, will be held by four competent gentlemen, whose names will be hereafter announced, who will meet at Johnstown, on Tuesday, the 23d of next March.

A SINGULAR pension bill was introduced into the U. S. Senate last week by Mr. Cockrell, of Missouri. The bill authorized the settlement of the claim of President James Monroe for half pay due him as Lieutenant Colonel of Infantry from November 3, 1783, the close of the Revolutionary War, to July 4, 1831, the time of his death, the amount found due to be paid to his legal representatives. Mr. Cockrell said he introduced the bill by request, but his own vote had always been against such bills and always would be. Mr. Logan remarked that President Monroe never was a Colonel, and was never in the army at all. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, said that Mr. Monroe had gone home to raise a regiment, but gave it up and went to studying law with Thomas Jefferson.

THE late snow storm appears to have prevailed in nearly every part of the United States, and was therefore of wider extent than any one that has preceded it for twenty-five years. In Minnesota and other north-western states the thermemeter on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, ranged from 18 degrees below zero to 23 degrees at Omaha and the same at Des Moines, Iowa, while along the Canadian Pacific Railroad in Manitoba, it was 52. The oranges were frozen on the trees in Florida, an unusual occurrence, and in some towns of Texas the thermometer was down to zero, the coldest weather known there for forty years. Travel and transportation on nearly all the railroads in the West were either temporarily suspended or seriously impeded, and the destruction of cattle and hogs by being frozen in the cars was very great. Over two hundred hogs were frozen on Monday in the cars and stock yards at Pittsburg. The storm along the Atlantic sea coast did immense damage and several schooners were lost, involving the sacrifice of many lives. Both in its severity and in its extent the January storm of 1886 will long be remembered.

EACH branch of the Ohio Legislature ballotted for U. S. Senator on Tuesday. In the Senate, which contains a Democratic majority of three, the vote stood, Thurman, 20; Sherman, 17. In the House Thurman received 41 votes and Sherman 67. The true Republican majority in the House is *six*, and that was its complexion until a short time before the balloting for Senator commenced, when the Republican members rushed through a resolution unseating *nine* of the *ten* Democratic members from Cincinnati, and swore in their nine defeated opponents. There being a true Republican majority of *three* on joint ballot Sherman was sure to be elected, but his crowd were unwilling to risk so small a margin and went through the cut-throat performance we have mentioned. John Sherman, of course, knew that this outrage was to be perpetrated, and no man who is familiar with the dirty tricks he resorted to in order to cheat Tilden out of the vote of Louisiana, will be at all astonished that he consented to hold another term of six years in the Senate by a disgraceful and revolutionary proceeding that would have done credit to a Republican carpet-bag Legislature in South Carolina, during the progressive days of reconstruction in that vilely-governed and ruthlessly-plundered State.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

Before retiring from his official post Minister Lowell performed for many of his deluded countrymen an excellent service in directing an investigation into the alleged estates in the Bank of England awaiting claimants in America. Mr. Henry White, one of the Secretaries of Legation in London, conducted the inquiry, and his report transmitted to the State Department shows that these fortunes are as illusory as the proverbial castles in Spain or the gold that is picked up in dreams on Tom Tiddler's Ground.

It appears by a statement made by the chief accountant of the Bank of England that the whole amount of money at the present time in the keeping of the Court of Chancery is eighty-four million pounds sterling, of which eighty-three millions belong to owners who are known. This leaves about five million dollars to be divided among the imaginary heirs of the "Jennens," the "Hedges," the "Hyde," the "Bradford," the "Horne" and many another supposititious estate of vast wealth if settlement should ever be reached on this side of the millennium. The numerous American heirs of the "Jennens estate" of fabulous amount hold meetings every now and then to raise funds for sending out-at-elbow lawyers to London to prosecute their claims. Mr. White says that the Jennens property went to the heirs-at-law long before the American claimants were heard of, and that the latter never had a shadow of a title.—The rest of these estates rest on the same airy foundations. Of the unclaimed amounts in the Bank of England the chief accountant quoted by Mr. White says there are few of one thousand pounds, and probably none that exceed this sum by more than one hundred or two hundred pounds.

Such are the phantom estates in England, the foolish quest of which has lured so much money out of the pockets of honest people in America. Poor Becky Flyte was made mad in the vain prosecution of a real claim in Chancery. How many persons in this country have lost their wits in pursuing estates in Europe that are as unsubstantial as is the pot of gold at the base of the rainbow in the fables of childhood! Next to England, Germany and Holland are the favorite countries in which weak-headed Americans are pursuing ancestral wealth. From the time when the Flying Dutchman began his ocean roamings his descendants have been searching for his phantom fortune.—The estate of Anneke Jans, after the accumulations of several centuries, is supposed to contain as much wealth as that which Vanderbilt left behind him the other day. Then there is the Zimmerman estate, some of whose American heirs have lost their identity by changing their names to Carpenter, and with it their share in a fortune which is believed to be as vast as that of the Fuggers of the Middle Ages, if it could only be found. Some of our diplomatists on the Continent of Europe, whose time hangs heavily on their hands, might find some employment in imitating the example of ex-Minister Lowell and exposing the illusory character of these foreign fortunes. But it is somewhat doubtful whether the victims of this peculiar hallucination would derive any substantial benefit from the investigation. Once possessed of the fancy that they are heirs of a vast estate in Europe, it quits them only with death. As long as they can raise money to send a lawyer or other agent abroad they will continue to prosecute their imaginary claims.—*Philadelphia Record.*

GENERAL JACKSON'S triumph at the battle of New Orleans was fittingly celebrated on Friday last, the seventy-first anniversary of that important event, in many of the cities and large towns throughout the country. The Philadelphia Democrats under the auspices of the Young Men's Democratic Association, celebrated the event by a dinner at St. George's Hall. Speeches were made by U. S. Senator Gray, of Delaware, Daniel Dougherty, and others. During the course of his remarks Mr. Dougherty said:

"I am no sycophant crawling for favors at the footstool. Grant Mr. Cleveland has made mistakes of omission and commission. Who has not? Yet I voice the opinion of the American people, white and black, North and South, East and West, Democrats and Republicans, men of all parties and of no parties, when I declare that no President that has ever graced the chair has labored more incessantly, struggled more conscientiously and striven more successfully to fulfil to the letter his plighted faith to the people.

He has disappointed machine politicians, but it is because after the election he has kept the promises he made before. With him there is no cajoling for the succession; no kitchen Cabinet; no side door; no doubt either in the White House or out of it as to who is in reality the President.

The rapidity of his rise and the height of his elevation have scarcely a parallel in history. Yet without the arts of the accomplished politician, with no brilliant points to dazzle the public eye, but solely by straightforward, fearless and independent fidelity to public trusts, he rose in three flights, from a private citizen to be Mayor of Buffalo, Governor of New York, and President of the United States.

Courteous to every comer he is innately a gentleman. He listens with interest to the humblest, and cannot be swerved from his judgment by the highest. He can neither be moved by flattery nor by frowns. He would willingly help those who have served his party, but the first consideration is ability to serve the Government. He is ever at his post, and devotes himself unceasingly to his public duties. Questions of state, matters of national moment, receive the calm consideration of the practical man. He doubtless consults his Cabinet, is not unmindful of the great organs of public opinion; then weighing each matter in the scales of a "just and unstrained construction of the Constitution," he decides for himself, and will change his views only for good and weighty reasons. He never forgets that, if he be the head of a party, he is President of the Republic. He seeks to bury all remembrances of fratricidal war, and draw closer and closer the bonds of fraternal affection. He will, as President, beyond question cultivate friendly relations with all foreign powers, but I am sure he will never forget that America has a policy of her own, from which he will never swerve. Above all, economy and intigrity shine resplendent in every department, and he courts the severest scrutiny into every official act."

PARNELL MAKES NO SIGN.

The agitation, protestation, vacillation, and insubordination on the part of Englishmen of all political proclivities during the short interval between the election and the meeting of Parliament, are strikingly contrasted with the imperturbability of Mr. Parnell and the perfect discipline with which his example of reticence is followed by his Nationalist colleagues.

So formidable is the tactical advantage secured by this reserve that every device would naturally be essayed by both Tories and Liberals to commit the Home Rulers to a definition of the minimum concession they would accept. But it is pretty certain that however modest might be the demand thus prematurely outlined British opinion would insist on yielding less. It is lucky, therefore, that neither the sunshine of blandishment nor the blast of objurgation has moved the Irish leader to cast off his wonted cloak of taciturnity.

It requires extraordinary gifts to exercise at such a juncture a vigilant and iron self-repression, and to enforce a scrupulous adherence to the same policy of silence upon fourscore members of Parliament, every one of whom may be subjected to probings, pumpings and cajoleries. We would not disparage the great powers and services of O'Connell, but is the simple truth to say that with his fervid temperament he could not in a crisis like the present have fixed a seal upon his lips. The confidence and exultation with which he would survey the phalanx of supporters at his back and the ripe occasion offered by the equilibrium of parties would almost certainly betray him into some grave error of strategy. But by consummate strategy alone can a majority of 80 hope to wrest home rule from an assembly of 670. There has never, indeed, been any lack among Irish patriots of daring soldiers or dashing cavalry commanders; what Ireland has lacked has been a general. She has one at last.

We are now beginning, also, to appreciate the imperative necessity of the measures taken at the Dublin conference to insure unanimity and subordination among the Parliamentary promoters of home rule. We can see why every Nationalist was asked in advance not only to efface his private judgment before the deliberate decision of his party, but also resign his seat should he be pronounced leaky or refractory by a majority of his colleagues. Of course the eighty Parnellite members have their share of rashness and ductility, and who doubts but that, without the stringent measures taken, some of them, under pressure or seduction, might have committed themselves, if not their leader, to positions and assertions they might have to disavow? It is the men who talk too much who are observed to do too little, and to British onlookers the present silence in the Irish ranks is a fact of grim significance.

It will be noticed, also, that the reticence maintained by Mr. Parnell applies only to details, to the mere machinery by which his capital aim shall be effected. There is no mystery whatever about the fundamental object for which he is contending. The central, indispensable basis of negotiation has already been proclaimed. No proposition from the Liberals or Tories will be even entertained, unless it embodies a consent to revive the Dublin Parliament. So much has been published—but no more. It would have been folly, on the other hand, to formulate beforehand the precise checks and balances by which the functions an Irish legislature can be adjusted to the workings of the British Constitution. To devise such means of accommodation is the business of the British statesmen who essay to solve the home rule problem; it will be for Mr. Parnell to accept or repel them, according as it may seem congruous or incompatible with his unswerving purpose of securing self-government for Ireland. When Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury shall have wrought out and brought forward a scheme purporting to attain that object, will be the time for him to speak.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Mr. Parnell Misses His Train.

DUBLIN, Jan. 11.

Sixty out of the eighty-six Parnellite members of Parliament attended the meeting here to-day, called for the purpose of holding a conference on the political situation and to draft a line of action to be adopted at the forthcoming session of Parliament. The discussion was devoted mainly to the subject of home rule. Reporters were not admitted and therefore no details of the meeting can be given.

Mr. Parnell was not present. He left London last evening for the purpose of attending the conference, but quit the train at Crowe to partake of refreshments, and when he returned to the platform he found the train had left.—He again started for Dublin this morning and arrived at Chester at the same time as did Mr. Gladstone, who was on his way to London. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell were on the same platform for a few minutes before the restarting of their respective trains, but neither of the leaders spoke to the other.

Singular Will of a Miser.

The following singular will was made by a miser in Ireland: "I give and bequeath to my sister-in-law, Mary Dennis, four old worsted stockings, which she will find underneath my bed; to my nephew, Charles Macartney, two other pair of stockings, lying in a box where I keep my linen; to Lieutenant Johnson, of His Majesty's Fifth Regiment of Foot, my only pair of white cotton stockings and my old scarlet great coat; and to Hannah Burke, my housekeeper, in return for her long and faithful service, my cracked earthern pitcher."

Hannah, in high wrath, told the other legatees that she resigned to them her valuable share of the property, and then retired. In equal rage, Charles kicked down the pitcher, and, as it broke, a multitude of guineas burst out and rolled along the floor. This fortunate discovery induced those present to examine the stockings, which, to their great joy, were crammed with money.

THE reports of the Pope's feebleness are declared to be grossly exaggerated, and his Holiness is said to be enjoying unusually vigorous health. It is difficult to believe any item of news affecting so important a personage when that item has been communicated to the Continental press by parties interested. Leo XIII is an old man, whose health has always been delicate, and whose death might reasonably be expected at any moment. At the same time people of his constitution—pre-eminently the scholar's—are apt to reach great ages through temperance and care. Everyone will wish that the amiable and talented Pontiff may, like his predecessor upon the throne, see and exceed the "years of Peter." His is a transition Pontificate, such as a man of his temper and character will administer most safely, and illustrate most acceptably in the eyes of outer nations; and it is for the best interests, alike of the Church and the world, that this period should be made as long and as quiet as possible. —*Philadelphia Record.*

ANY man or woman making less than $40 weekly should try our easy money-making business. We want agents for our celebrated Madame Dean Spinal Supporting Corsets; also, our Spinal Supporter, Shoulder Brace, and Abdominal Protector Combined (for Men and Boys). No experience required. Four orders per day give the Agent $150 monthly. Our Agents report four to twenty sales daily. $3 outfit free. Send at once for full particulars. State sex. LEWIS SCHIELE & Co., 390 Broadway, N. Y.

ALL AT SEA.

The Much Discussed Question of Home Rule.

LONDON, Jan. 10.—Politicians of all shades seem to be thoroughly at sea concerning the probable program the great parties will decide upon with regard to the much discussed question of home rule. The leaders of all parties have suddenly become very reticent, and the closest questioning fails to draw from them an utterance upon which the remotest idea as to the stand they will take on the Irish question can be based.

Mr. Gladstone appears to be in a state of great perplexity, and is apparently more or less nonplussed by the conflicting elements within his own party. He seems to realize that it would be the sheerest folly to attempt to give battle to the Tories with his own forces so much at variance and so much disorganized as they are at present. How to overcome all bickerings and get his forces united on some definite plan of action causes him much anxiety, and the mental strain under which he is laboring has caused great apprehension among his friends, who fear that he may be prostrated at the most vital moment.

SALISBURY'S SCHEMES.

On the other hand, Lord Salisbury has his political forces well organized, and, it is asserted, is planning and scheming to forestall any contemplated aggression by his opponents. He is acting with the utmost caution, and will, it is stated on good authority, be able to meet any attack upon his policy with a much bolder and more compact front than many anticipate. He is said to be quietly throwing up fortifications, and hopes through the presentation of a program containing measures of such a liberal nature to discomfit his opponents and demoralize them in the very threshhold. He hopes by this plan to bring the moderate Whigs over to his support and thereby augment his forces materially.

GLADSTONE'S PREDICAMENT.

Mr. Gladstone, sorely hampered as he is by the apparent impossibility of getting his forces to combine on any plan with regard to legislation for Ireland, will be at a disadvantage, and it will be impossible for him to antagonize the indefatigable Tory leader with any hope of success. Unless he can bring about an agreement upon some concerted plan of action by his followers it is believed he will adopt no policy, and watch for a favorable opportunity to strike his opponents and drive them to the wall. In Conservative circles it is freely hinted that the present Government will assume a defensive attitude, and use every means at their command to induce Mr. Gladstone to reveal himself before they venture to move.

REPRESENTATIVE LOUTITT, of California, is a "blacksmith congressman," and it is related that during the last electoral campaign an opposing paper said he was "not high-toned enough" to represent that district. "His father was a blacksmith and he is a blacksmith," it said, "and he would better be at the anvil than in Congress." Not long after Loutitt made a speech in the town where that paper was published. He read the paragraph quoted aloud and then "It's all true," he said, "my father was a blacksmith, and I am a blacksmith; but I am not ashamed of it.—And if I can find the little rascal who wrote that editorial I will let him know that I still possess a blacksmith's arm."

A Valuable Medical Treatise.

The edition for 1886 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States, Mexico, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. This Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for over one fifth of a century. It combines, with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, etc., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1886 will probably be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

WAR horses, when hit in battle, tremble in every muscle and groan deeply, while their eyes show deep astonishment. During the battle of Waterloo some of the horses as they lay upon the ground, having recovered from the first agony of their wounds, fell to eating the grass about them, thus surrounding themselves with a circle of bare ground, the limited extent of which showed their weakness. Others were observed quietly grazing on the field, between the two hostile lines, their riders having been shot off their backs, and the balls flying over their heads and the tumult behind, before and around them caused no interruption to the usual instinct of their nature.

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by E. James.

—A fire broke out in the block of buildings bounded by Coral, Adams, Taylor, and Emerald streets, at Philadelphia on Monday last. Nearly the entire block was destroyed. Two large buildings on the opposite side of Adams street caught fire and were also destroyed. The buildings were owned by the Arnett Steam Power Mills Company, and were leased to a number of occupants. Nine hundred people were employed in the buildings, and the fire throws them out of work. Snow and ice hindered the firemen a great deal. The total loss is placed at $1,000,000, on which there is a very considerable insurance.

MY BOY (three years old) was recently taken with cold in the head, which seemed finally to settle in his nose, which was stopped up for days and nights so that it was difficult for him to breathe and sleep. I called a physician who prescribed, but did him no good. Finally I went to the drug store and got a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. It seemed to work like magic. The boy's nose was clear in two days, and he has been o. k. ever since.—E. J. Hazzard, New York.

—Anna Casner, a prepossessing young lady of W. Va., and the daughter of a farmer in comfortable circumstances, died on Saturday last in frightful agony from the effects of poison administered by her own hands. The girl had become infatuated with a young Mormon apostle, who has been endeavoring for some time past to obtain converts in that state, and the refusal of her parents to allow her to accompany him to the West was the cause of her rash act.

THOUSANDS OF ABLE MEN FAIL IN LIFE for purely physical reasons. They are not torpid but their liver is, and the liver blocks the way. They are bilious, yellow-skinned, headachy and miserable, all because that great gland declines to do its work. The medicine that can restore to this organ its natural power will add one hundred per cent. to the available force of this world. We know of but one thing able to do this—Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

—Dr. C. C. Abbott's collection of stone implements of the American Indians, now on exhibition in the Peabody museum of archæology, at Cambridge, Mass., is considered one of the most important of the kind ever brought together, and one which archæologists will consult for all time to come. It contains more than 20,000 stone implements and several hundred objects made of bone, clay and copper, and was gathered almost wholly in the neighborhood of Trenton, New Jersey.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Dr. A. W. Brown, Mystic, Conn., says: "I have a case of dropsy resulting from heart disease which Hunt's Remedy relieved at once."

—William McLoney, aged sixty, a wealthy farmer, was found dead in his sleigh by the roadside, near Akron, O., on Monday. The body was frozen stiff, and it is supposed McLoney was overcome by the cold while driving.

—The highest marriage celebrated in Colorado this year was that of Oscar Olsen and Miss Conners, who were wedded on snow shoes on the top of the divide, 15,000 feet above the sea.

—"The ladies especially go into ecstacies over Parker's Hair Balsam," writes Mr. J. Decker, druggist, of Findlay, Ohio. "They say it is the most elegant dressing they ever used." Stops falling hair, restores color, promotes growth.

—Father Kolasinsk, the deposed Polish Catholic priest at Detroit, has, with the assistance of his attorney, prepared an appeal to the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome. It sets forth the charges made against him, and denies their truthfulness.

—Some say "Consumption can't be cured." Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, as proved by forty years' experience, will cure this disease when not already advanced beyond the reach of medical aid. Even then its use affords very great relief, and insures refrtsh ing sleep.

—On Friday, Charles Williams, colored, convicted of outraging Mrs. Keene, white, was hanged ot Cambridge, Md. He protested his innocence. When the clergymen spoke to him of eternity he said: It is too late. I am going to hell, where I shall meet my accusers.

—A fatal disease has made its appearance among the milch cows in many of the counties of Central Illinois, which is attributed to the eating of mouldy and rotten corn which farmers left in their fields. The animals when first attacked are seized with dizziness and fall down, many of them dying.

—At Baldwin, Wis., Saturday night, Mrs. Gunderson left three children in the house while she went out to milk a cow. In some way unknown the children overturned the lamp, exploding, it and the clothes of the youngest child were set on fire. The house with contents was entirely consumed. In the debris the charred body of the child was found.

—John Schauf, reputed fairly well off, died lately near Alburtis, Lehigh county, aged 90, and when the appraisement was made of his goods $4,000 in hard cash was found in the house. Piles of silver and gold were found stored in corners and drawers, including French, Spanish and English coins, some of the pieces being over 100 years old.

—John Neitz, a farmer, of Upper Saucon, Pa., began chewing garlic twenty years ago, and chewed it so remorselessly that his wife deserted him and has not spoken to him since. But he kept on chewing, saying that it would preserve his life. He is now seventy years old, but looks like a man of forty. He promises to live to see the next centennial, though there is a wish, almost as big as the nation itself, that he will not attend it.

—Rev. John Dunn' pastor of the Catholic church at Plains, near Wilkesbarre, whose sudden death has already been announced, was regarded as one of the most learned clergymen and eloquent speakers in the diocese of Scranton. One of his actions will long be remembered. In August, 1877, when a great riot was threatened in Scranbetween the steel workers and the militia, Father Dunn appeared on the scene just in time to quell it. The mob had begun to assault the soldiers with stones and a rush was made for Mayor McCune. The priest interposed and saved his life.

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Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., New York.

MALARIAL POISON.

The principal cause of nearly all sickness at this time of the year has its origin in a disordered Liver, which, if not regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and death will ensue. A gentleman writing from South America says: "I have used your Simmons' Liver Regulator with good effect, both as a prevention and cure for malarial fevers on the Isthmus of Panama."

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SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR,

A Purely Vegetable Medicine.

AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR

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If you feel drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes badly, poor appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver or "biliousness," and nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as to take

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A Paper for the Home of the Land--Sparkling and Original in Every Feature.

THIS month a new departure in every feature of the WEEKLY TIMES will be made. Every number will be liberally illustrated in its War contributions, which have so long been a specialty in its columns, and in its Stories which will be greatly enlarged from the pens of the best writers, and in current History, Biography, Politics, Art, Science and the leading events of the day.

The time has passed for the weekly journal of the city to fill the place of a newspaper. The daily newspaper from the great centres of news now reaches into every section of the land. Every inland city and every town of importance have their daily newspapers, and the local weekly, with the wonderful progress in provincial journalism, meets every want that the daily newspaper fails to supply. The metropolitan weekly of to-day must be much more than a newspaper; it must lead the magazine in popular literature; it must lead it in popular illustration, and it must meet every requirement of the intelligent reader of every class.

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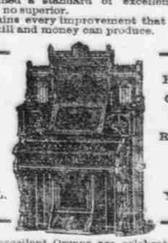
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Is the most virulent form of blood-poisoning. Less speedily fatal, but not less certainly so, is the vitiation of the blood of which the first symptoms are Pimples, Sties, Boils, and Cutaneous Eruptions. When the taint of Scrofula gives warning of its presence by such indications, no time should be lost in using AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, the only perfect and reliable medicine for the purification of the blood.

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Is a foul corruption in the blood that rots out all the machinery of life. Nothing will eradicate it from the system and prevent its transmission to offspring but AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. This preparation is also the only one that will cleanse the blood of Mercurial poison and the taint of Contagious Diseases. Impoverished blood is productive of

ANÆMIA,

A wretched condition indicated by Pallid Skin, Flaccid Muscles, Shattered Nerves, and Melancholy. Its first symptoms are Weakness, Languor, Loss of Nerve Force, and Mental Dejection. Its progress, unchecked, leads inevitably to insanity or death. Women frequently suffer from it. The only medicine that, while purifying the blood, enriches it with new vitality, and invigorates the whole system, is

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AGENTS WANTED THE UNBREAK ABLE GLASS Lamp Chimneys, Bears heavy falls; will sustain your weight on it; stands cold water splashed on hot chimney; veils at sight. Sample mailed, 25c.; one dozen by express, $1 25. Also, the NON-EXPLOSIVE, SELF-EXTINGUISHING LAMP BURNER. Has nickel reflector. No blowing down chimney; fills lamp without removing burner or chimney; no smoke, smell or danger. Sample mailed, 35c.; one dozen by express, $2 70. Both the above mailed for 60c. Address, J. E. CLOWS, Reensville, Pa.

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LOOK LIKE A MAN.

Cambria Freeman.
EBENSBURG, PA.
FRIDAY, - - - JAN. 15, 1886.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—For an oyster stew go to the Sugar Bowl.

—For all kinds of groceries go to the Sugar Bowl.

—For canned goods of all kinds go to the Sugar Bowl.

—The branch road is expected to be open to-day (Friday).

—During the past year Altoona's losses by fire footed up $91,700.

—A new bank called the Citizen's Bank, has been started in Altoona.

—The Indiana *Progress* will please accept our thanks for a neat and elegantly illustrated annual for 1886.

—A rainbow in our skies was a curious phenomena witnessed by our people on last Wednesday afternoon.

—Dr. L. A. Palmer, Westerly, R. I. says: "Kennedy's Remedy is the best medicine for .... It has almost raised the dead."

—The annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Editorial Association will be held in Harrisburg, January 29, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

—H. P. Hasson, ex-Prothonotary, and a prominent Democratic politician, of Greensburg, died suddenly Wednesday morning of last week.

—Margaret Smith, who died in Bedford recently, aged 100 years and 3 months, retained control of her faculties up to the time of her death.

—A bank will be the next venture in the thriving town of Coalport. Some Blair county capitalists intend to start one in the near future.

—Charles Daily, an insane man confined in the jail from the neighborhood of Loretto, was taken to Dixmont by Sheriff Gray on Wednesday last.

—There was a slight blaze in Mrs. Foster's Laird House, at Greensburg, on Sunday last owing to the woodwork catching fire from the heater.

—The annual election of officers of the Dauntless Fire Company will be held at the meeting on next Monday evening. All the members are requested to attend.

—A female slugger in Altoona, one day last week knocked down a lady teacher of the public schools on the streets, because the teacher had punished one of her children.

—Mr. Samuel Lilly had his nose frozen while coming from the almshouse to church on Sunday last. An application of snow and cold water, however, made the nose all right again.

—Russell Kinser, alias Harry E. Bell, who married a young lady at Central City, Centre county, and then stole his father-in-law's horse, buggy and harness, has been arrested, and is now in the Lewistown jail.

—A. M. Gates, of Hopewell township, Bedford county, killed from November 15 to December 14, 1885, five deer, one of which weighed 204 pounds dressed; fourteen wild turkeys, thirty-three pheasants, two foxes and three rabbits.

—McDonald at Loretto always pays the highest prices for good country product of all kinds, as follows: Oats, 50 cts.; corn, 50 cts.; rye, 77 cts.; wheat, $1.10; beans, $1 per bushel, and all other good marketable produce wanted.

—Women are everywhere using and recommending Parker's Tonic because they have learned from experience that it speedily overcomes despondency, indigestion, pain or weakness in the back or kidneys, and other troubles peculiar to the sex.

—According to the thermometers in Hollidaysburg, Tyrone, Huntingdon and Clearfield, it was colder by several degrees, at each of the places named, on last Wednesday morning than it was in this place, where it registered 12 degrees below zero.

—Nellie Sherman, of Pittsburg, who was indicted for enticing Mary Sohns and Ella Zimmerman from their homes in Johnstown to the former city, for improper purposes, plead guilty on Monday, when the case was called in Court, and will be sentenced to-morrow.

—No sufferer from any scrofulous disease, who will fairly try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, need despair of a cure. It will purge the blood of all impurities, thereby destroying the germs of scrofula, and will infuse new life and vigor throughout the whole physical organization.

—Owing to the excessively severe freezing weather up to yesterday of this week, we have encountered some serious difficulties in getting out the present number of our paper. Our readers must, therefore, overlook any imperfections that may be found in its columns.

—The following persons can each get a letter by calling at the Ebensburg postoffice: Mrs. Nancy J. Davis, Mrs. Rebecca Jones, Mrs. Mary J. Jones, Miss Fannie Anderson, Miss Lizzie Beck, Miss Victoria Eckenrode, Miss Mary Ream, Catherine Gillen, J. T. Potter, Mr. Joseph Bowers.

—McDonald at Loretto sells boys boots at from $1. to $2. per pair; mens' boots from $1. to 4; children's shoes from 50 cts. to $1.; misses' shoes from 75 cts. to $1.50; ladies' shoes from $1. to $2.; misses', ladies', and men's rubbers of all kinds at lowest prices, for cash or marketable produce.

—Mr. Jas. Stevens, one of the best known citizens of Newry, Blair county, died very suddenly on last Tuesday. The deceased frequently visited this place and other points in the northern part of this county for the purpose of selling standard Catholic publications and was highly respected by all who knew him.

—The recent storm has done a vast amount of damage, and in some places for those in straightened circumstances a great deal of economy will be required to recover from its effects. True economy consists in buying your dry goods, dress goods, boots and shoes groceries and provisions at John Owens' store on High street.

—McDonald at Loretto, Pa., still holds the fort and continues to wage war against high prices. He sells dress goods as low as 6 cts per yard; canton flannels at 6 cts. per yard; all ginghams at 8 cts. per yard; best shirting at 10 cts per yard, gray flannels at 13 cts. per yard; good Kentucky jeans at 15 cts. per yard, velveteens, shawls, blankets, and all other fall and winter goods at equally low prices, for cash or good, marketable produce.

—Mr. Bart. McCabe, the trusty and efficient engineer on the branch, had his hands and feet pretty badly frost-bitten while remaining with his engine at Munster while it was snowed up. It was snowbound until Wednesday, when the crew of the gravel train released it, when the engine was taken to Altoona. From Saturday evening until Wednesday noon the fireman and engineer were required to stay out in the storm with their engine and keep the fire up.

—If it is true, that "*an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure*," then it will richly repay well persons as well as invalids, to send for the INVALIDS GAZETTE, published by Drs. Sykes & Moore, the eminent practitioners in Chronic Diseases; for it points out the Causes of Chronic Diseases, and shows that they are nearly all avoidable. It is a handsome eight-page sheet, and is sent free to any one addressing Drs. Sykes & Moore, 134 Penn Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

TWO BIG REDUCTIONS IN TWO BIG BRANCHES.

BLANKETS.

In January we take our inventory of stock, and in order to clear up stocks we will now offer some Great Bargains in Blankets. Our regular $3 Blanket at $1.98; our $5 Blanket at $4.12 1-2; our $3.50 Blanket at $2.75, and so on through the stock. Come and save money.

WM. F. GABLE & CO.,
1402 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA.

LADIES' COATS.

Newmarkets and Russian Circulars at $5, $6 and $8.50. Fine Broche Cloth Coats at $8; worth $12. Plush Coats with Real Seal Loops and Fine Satin Quilted Lining at $15; worth $22. Children's Coats at Reduced Prices. Every garment we are offering is a Bargain.

WM. F. GABLE & CO.,
1402 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA.

—A barn belonging to Mr. Winfield Love, of Sinking Valley, about four miles east of Tyrone, was burned to the ground on Tuesday morning, just before daylight. All the stock were saved, but the balance of the contents, including a wagon and carriage, were destroyed. No person appears to know how the fire originated, as the cows had been milked just before the flames were discovered issuing from the roof, and Mr. Love says he is positive there was no fire about the barn then.

—The new Board of Poor Directors of Bedford county was organized on Wednesday. Two of the members are Republican. When the question of the election of a steward of the almshouse came up, one of the Republicans joined with the Democratic member in choosing the present steward, who is a Democrat. The Democratic treasurer was also re-elected. Last fall the Republican Board of Commissioners did the same thing. This action makes many Republicans of the county indulge in a vast deal of profanity.

—McDonald at Loretto, Pa., sells 16 lbs. good brown sugar for $1.; 12 lbs. best white sugar for $1.; 4 lbs. good tea for $1.; 8 lbs. good green or roasted coffee for $1; 6 lbs. best green or roasted coffee for $1.; 3 lbs. quinces for 25 cts.; 3 lbs. rice for 25 cts.; 4 lbs. barley for 25 cts.; 4 lbs. bolted oats for 25 cts.; 5 lbs. oatmeal for 25 cts.; 6 lbs. hominy for 25 cts.; good molasses 40 cts. per gal.; syrup at 50 cts. per gal.; carbon oil at 12 cts. per gal.; crocks 10 cts. per gal.; tinware, queensware, glassware, and all other kinds of ware at rock bottom prices, for cash or good, marketable produce.

—On Monday last Mr. John J. Humphrey, who had been agent for the Adams Express Company at Johnstown for the past twenty-five years, was removed from that position and Mr. Alex. Adair appointed to fill his place. The cause of Mr. Humphrey's removal was not given, but is supposed to have been caused by a relative of one of the general agents of the company, who was employed at the Johnstown office against the wishes of Mr. Humphrey. Mr. Humphrey has the good will and esteem of the citizens and business men of Johnstown, who very much regret his removal.

—A fraudulent scheme which is being worked upon unsuspecting farmers in some sections goes under the name of a loan company. This is the way it is operated: Circulars are sent out, and advertisements are inserted in respectable papers, offering loans on low rates of interest and very easy terms. Numerous farmers apply for loans. The terms are, ten dollars as an application and registration fee, which is to be deducted from the first half year's interest. If a victim sends his ten dollars he is defrauded to that extent. He never gets his loan and never gets his money back again, because he never has a chance to pay any interest to deduct it from.

—We inadvertently omitted to state last week that Hon. H. A. Boggs, State Senator from this district, was married in St. Louis about the 1st of January, to Miss Laura L. Crowder, of Latham, Missouri. Of Miss Crowder, the Johnstown *Tribune* says: "She is said to be a school teacher. It is not known where the Senator first met her, but it is presumed his recent trip to the West was largely on her account, although his immediate object was said to be to visit his brother, who lives in Tipton near Latham." So far as we are advised Senator Boggs and his bride have not yet arrived in Johnstown, where he resides. He will please accept our congratulations.

—"Last Sunday morning, before daylight," says the Johnstown *Tribune*, "the engineer of a passenger train coming westward over the Allegheny mountain saw ahead of him, when near the summit, the red light of a flagman's lantern, which was being waved feebly in the air. The train was stopped, and the man with the lantern was found in the snow up to his shoulders, almost frozen to death. He was taken to a place where, after being violently rubbed, he soon recovered. It is supposed he was out flagging, and when his train whistled for him he was unable to get on, which caused him to remain in the position in which he was found."

—At the annual election for Directors of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Co., held on Monday last, the following named persons were elected to serve for ensuing year: Geo. M. Reade, Henry J. Hopple, Henry Pritchard, John J. Evans, Thomas Griffith, C. T. Roberts, H. Kinkead, John Lloyd, John G. C. Bearer, D. C. Little, John C. Gates, John A. Blair. The Board organized same day by electing officers as follows: President, Geo. M. Reade; Vice President, John A. Blair; Ex. Committee, John Lloyd, John J. Evans, C. T. Roberts; Secretary and Treasurer, T. W. Dick; Agents, Geo. A. Kinkead, Ebensburg; J. E. Roberts, Johnstown. An assessment of four per cent. will be levied.

—About ten o'clock on Sunday night fire started in the old Catholic church at Indiana, and when first discovered had made such headway that it was impossible to save it, and the efforts of the fire department were turned to saving the fine residence erected by the Catholics for the use of some sisters of a Western institution who had been there in charge of the Catholic school. Owing to the extreme cold, the thermometer registering ten degrees below zero, it was impossible to do effective work. The two chemical engines froze up almost as soon as started, and it was only by building a fire around the cylinder of the water engine that it could be made to do any work. In a short time the the fire had communicated to the dwelling house, and both were totally destroyed. The loss will reach from $4,000 to $5,000; no insurance. The fire was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary.

Severe Cold Weather.

On getting up last Saturday morning people found the ground covered with about twelve inches of snow and without the sign of a drift, and many were calculating on having the best sleighing of the winter. About eight o'clock, however, the wind rose and the snow began to pile up, and in a short time some places were left entirely bare, while in others the snow was piled ten or twelve feet high. All day Saturday, Sunday and Monday the wind continued with unabated vigor, and only let up on Monday evening. The mercury got down to about 12° below zero in some places about town while in others it showed about 8° or 10°. The train on the Branch succeeded in making the first and second trips on Saturday, and on getting to Cresson on their third, but in coming back on Saturday evening, after leaving Cresson on time, were finally snowed up at the cut just west of Munster, where the crew and passengers were compelled to stay all night. They were brought up from there on Sunday morning by a hack sent from this place.

HEMLOCK ITEMS.

HEMLOCK, Jan. 12, '86.

DEAR FREEMAN: The severe storm of Saturday and Sunday last piled great drifts in the roads. Many of the country roads are impassable. The railroad company had an extra force of men on duty day and night in keeping the main line clear.

All the coal mines shut down the day following the Duncannon bridge disaster, and only resumed work to-day. This was caused by the fact that no freight was received by the railroad company.

The present cold weather has played havoc with the chickens about here, numbers of being frozen.

It is said the dead body of a tramp was found on Monday morning last near the railroad at Bensereek, about two miles west of here. He had died of exposure. Your informant could learn no further particulars. God help the poor wretches who have to tramp this weather.

Mrs. Cecelia Farren, the young wife of Mr. John Farren, of Washington township, died on Sunday morning last. Her funeral took place yesterday. She had been sick several weeks with brain fever, but strong hopes were entertained for her recovery up to within a few days of her death. She leaves a little girl about three years old. It is a very heavy blow to her young husband who is is thus bereft in the springtime of married life. May her soul rest in peace.

Mr. Christ. Robine is the lucky individual who won the very fine gold headed cane, once belonging to Rev. Thomas Ryan, dec'd, which was raffled off at the Catholic fair in this place on Monday of last week. As Mr. Robine is a cripple the cane could not have fallen into better hands. The fair will re-open on Saturday evening next.

Frozen to Death.

Willie Hendricks, says a Johnstown special, was the name of a boy twelve years old, who for some time has been acting in the capacity of door tender at the Mill coal mine. The boy was an orphan, and made his home with John Hendricks, a German, living at Daireyville, a short distance from this city. On Saturday evening he left the mine at the usual hour and started for his home. He never reached it, and about five o'clock the next day his dead body was found in Cover's orchard, which route he had taken on his homeward way.

When found, his body, save his head, was buried beneath the snow. He had evidently been overcome by the intense cold, and thus came to his lonely death. John Hendricks, with whom the unfortunate lad lived, says that sometimes when the weather was very cold the boy had a habit of stopping over night with a friend of the family in Prospect, and when he failed to reach home on Saturday evening they were not alarmed for his safety. It was not until they learned that he had not been at this friend's house that they began to fear the worst and instituted a search with the result above stated.

A War Relic.

We clip the following from the Clarion *Republican Gazette*:

About the middle of November last, I received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Evans, formerly of Curllsville, Pa., but now of Salisbury, Somerset county Pa., in which he informed me that he had a member in his charge by the name of Ringlar, who had a Welsh and English Testament, which he had found on the battle field at Fredericksburg, bearing the name of H. J. Humphrey. It gave me quite a shock, as my brother Hugh was killed in that memorable and disastrous battle of Dec. 13th, 1862. My brother was a member of Co. F. 133 Regt. P. V. I felt confident that it was my brother's Testament, as these were his initials and that he could read Welsh. I sent two of brother's old letters which he had sent me from the army, to Mr. Evans so that they could compare signatures for a proof, and on the 18th of this month I received the Testament. The book is in good condition considering that it was in such a hard battle, and that, twenty-three years ago. Mr. Ringlar prized it very much but cheerfully gave it up, when he found that a brother claimed it.

He had written the following below the signature of my brother: "Found on the battle field by Peter Ringlar, Co. D. 133 P. V. 13th, of Dec. 1862, at Fredericsburg."

DAVID HUMPHREY,
Curllsville, Pa., Dec. 21, 1885.

H. J. Humphrey, the owner of the testament and who was killed at Fredericksburg, was a resident of Cambria township when he enlisted in the company that left this place under Captain Jones, and was a brother of Mr. E. J. Humphrey, of Cambria township, and of John Humphrey, of Johnstown.

The West-Point Cadetship.

Following is an open letter from Hon. J. M. Campbell:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 5, 1886.

To the Press of the Seventeenth (Pa.) Congressional District:

GENTLEMEN:—Having been requested by the Secretary of War to nominate a candidate for appointment as Cadet to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point from the XVIIth Congressional District of Pennsylvania, I would respectfully request you to announce that there will be a competitive examination as to the mental and physical qualifications of such applicants as may present themselves, said examination to be conducted by a Board of four qualified gentlemen, who will be appointed for that purpose, and who will meet in Johnstown on Tuesday, the 23d day of March, 1886, or at such other time as the Board may agree upon, giving due notice of the same; the examination to be free to all applicants between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two years who are *bona fide* residents of the district. The candidate selected by the Board will be required to report at West Point *not later* than the 10th of June, 1886.

Very respectfully,
J. M. CAMPBELL.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to a *walking Skeleton*. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's new Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 lbs." Call at E. James' Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung Diseases. Large bottles $1.00.

THE contract for building an extension to the Bell's Gap railroad has been given out, and work will begin at once. It will run to Mahaffey, in Clearfield county, and will be built by the Pennsylvania company.

BY ACCIDENT a man swallows a poison. How frightened he is. How the home antidotes are sent down after it, and in what glowing terms the messenger hurries along the doctor. Yet hosts of excellent people are slowly dying of poisonous elements in their blood. The liver should have removed these, but it is weak and diseased, and so fails of its duty. Do you understand this fact? If so you will be glad to learn that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cures liver complaint.

INDIANA COUNTY PROHIBITION.

The refusal of Judge Harry White to grant any tavern license in Indiana county, practically establishes within her borders a Prohibitory liquor law without the aid of a Constitutional amendment. The Indiana *Messenger* of last week, while it approves, as all right-minded men must approve, of the sentence of Judge White upon Frank Derr, the Indiana borough hotel keeper, for openly maintaining a bar in the face of the refusal of the Court to grant him a license, takes occasion to express its views in regard to the fact whether the cause of temperance has been promoted in that county by Judge White's course on the license question. It says:

"It is now six months since the hotels in this place were denied license and we have had some experience in prohibition. We have come to the conclusion that prohibition does not prohibit. If it stopped the sale of intoxicating liquors and prevented men from getting drunk we would be prepared to advocate it with all our might. But the experience in this place is that it does not. The law is violated every day and men who want to get drunk, and there are many of them, find no difficulty in getting the necessary intoxicants. This is a lamentable fact and the same thing is experienced in other prohibition districts. In many portions of Iowa, where they have prohibition, the law is a dead letter and no one thinks of indicting the violaters and the result is that there is more drunkenness there than in the neighboring state of Illinois, where they have a high license law. Statistics from the two states show that high license has been of more benefit than prohibition, and if, in Pennsylvania, we cannot have prohibition that will absolutely prohibit, let us have a high license law. That at least will be a step in the right direction and will help educate the people up to the standard of absolute prohibition. From indiscriminate license to prohibition appears to be too big a stride and even if a legislature should be elected that would pass such an enactment. We very much fear it would share the fate of the Iowa law. Our little community here is not different from any other in the state and we know whereof we speak when we say that there is more drunkenness to-day than there would be had we one or two high licensed hotels and certainly the quality of liquor sold would be of a better grade; for the man who takes two drinks of the vile stuff peddled about our streets to-day is prepared to go home and lick his grandmother. We do not wish to throw one straw in the way of the good men and women who are striving for the salvation of their fellows from the fate of the drunkard; but we do think that the best thing, at this time, is a high license law with strong restrictive provisions. That will so open the way and educate the people that in time we may have a prohibitory law that will really prohibit.

We know that many enthusiastic temperance people will differ with us in our views on this subject; but we can't help it. We are just as earnestly in favor of temperance as they, but we fail to see the remedy as they do."

Argument Court.

On Monday at 12 o'clock P. M., Court met with Hon. Robert L. Johnston, President Judge, and Honorables John Flanagan and Joseph Masters, Associate Judges on the bench. The following is the disposition of the cases on the list:

Commonwealth vs. Garrett Risban—motion for new trial. Motion overruled and defendant sentenced to pay a fine of $5.00, costs of prosecution, and undergo an imprisonment in the county jail for two weeks, and to give bond in the sum of two hundred dollars to keep the peace.

James Skees vs. John L. Larimer—rule to show cause. Continued.

Hipps & Lloyd vs. S. A. Laverty—rule to show cause. Continued.

Johnstown B. & L. Association vs. P. Scott, et ux.—rule to show cause. Rule discharged.

Mary Varner, by her next friend, Joseph Jones, vs. Jesse Varner—libel in divorce; rule to show cause. Ordered that the respondent pay to the libelant the sum of $75 towards liquidating the expenses of the libel in divorce.

Elizabeth S. Lytle vs. Edward McGlade—rule to show cause. Jan. 12, 1886. Argued and C. A. V.

In re. Application for Charter for Summit Borough. Jan. 13, 1886 Prayer of petitioners granted.

Ex'rs. B. M. Johnston vs. David Trexler—rule to show cause. Continued.

D. F. Shaffer, plaintiff in error—certiorari. Proceedings affirmed.

E. D. Fry vs. Albert Ivory—rule to show cause. Rule discharged.

McMillan & Waters vs. F. A. Shoemaker—rule to show cause. Continued.

Jocob Thomas, Plaintiff in error, vs. Wm. Reade, defendant in error—rule to show cause. Upon the affidavit of the defendant showing merit in his defence, an appeal is directed *nunc pro tunc*, the same to be filed on payment of costs within 30 days.

P. W. Helfrick vs. John Ashcraft et ux—rule to show cause. Judgment set aside as to Margaret Ashcraft.

James C. Murray vs. W. P. Akin—rule to show cause. Continued.

Petition of John C. Dishong for benefit of Insolvent laws. Defendant discharged.

Exceptions to distribution of Auditor of fund arising from Assignee's sale of property of Peter McGough et ux. Continued to 1st February.

Hugh Greenwood vs. John Shriver et al—rule to show cause. Writ set aside at costs of defendant.

Exceptions to road in Clearfield Township. Case continued.

Exceptions to report of viewers of road between Carrolltown and Ebensburg. View confirmed as modified by review.

Exceptions to report of viewers to assess damages in Lilly borough. Exceptions overruled as being filed to late under rule of Court.

School Report.

Report of the Ebensburg Public Schools for fourth month, ending January 8th:

TEACHERS.	Room	Enrolled. Boys	Girls	Total	Average attendance. Boys	Girls	Total	Visits
Mary E. Davis	1	37	32	70	34	26	60	4
Mrs. C. Lewis	2	27	20	47	24	15	39	4
Allie Lloyd	3	28	20	48	23	17	40	4
Gussie Davis	4	24	22	46	20	14	34	4
J. W. Leech	5	24	19	43	19	15	34	10
Totals	5	140	114	254	120	87	207	26

The following pupils were perfect in attendance:

ROOM NO. 1.—Irvin Gant, Ollie Connell, Calvin Port, Dellie Chute, Henry Ludwig, Ollie Davis, Harry Connell, Herschell Evans, Harry Evans, Rhode Ritter, Calvin Jones, Allie Jones, May Davis, Emily Davis, Myrtle James, May Griffith, Blanche Folsom, Daisy Corbin, Maud Shinefelt, Bessie Evans.

ROOM NO. 2.—Fred. Jones, Ollie Stough, Butler Roberts, Johnnie Thomas, Joseph Mack, Flora Mills, Gertie Luttringer, Maud Richardson, Grace McCaslin.

ROOM NO. 3.—Ray Jones, Frank Evans, Charlie Port, Jimmie Dick, Emmett Davis, Charlie Weakland, Mabel Davis, Norah Ludwig, Emma Morrow, Annie Maloney, Maggie McCabe, Minerva Leighty, Katie Luttringer, Stella Rosensteel.

ROOM NO 4.—Olin Barker, Eddie Luther, Reichert Garman, Lennie Jones, Norris Mason, Medie Davis, Alice Davis, Della Folsom, Julia Connell.

ROOM NO. 5.—Geo. Kinkead, Ira Davis, Jesse Hill, Bert Davis, Frank Connell, Herman Connell, Eddie Linton, Taunnie Davis, Izora Davis, Fannie Richardson, Rachel Leidy, Cora Davis, Jessie Morrow, Caddie Kerr, Birdie Shenkle.

—The number of children enrolled as pupils in the State's common schools is 982,158.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY.

Those Who Will Be Obliged to Answer to Their Names at Next Court.

Following is the first list of jurors drawn since the refilling of the wheel, and each person named will report at March term of Court:

GRAND JURORS.

Anstead Adam, farmer, Grubbtown.
Bridges, Robert H., hooker, Cambria, 1st W.
Bock S. W., merchant, Stonycreek Twp.
Cope W. W., foreman, Conemaugh, 1st W.
Davis Moran, millman, Johnstown, 1st W.
Donegan M. J., farmer, Clearfield Twp.
Fallon James, brakeman, East Taylor Twp.
Garman Henry, sawyer, Ebensburg, E. W.
Griffith Abner, farmer, Stonycreek Twp.
Gutwald Peter, butcher, Gallitzin Bor.
Haug, Frederick, farmer, Carroll Twp.
Jenks James, wire drawer, Conemaugh, 2d W.
Jones Griffith J., farmer, Cambria Twp.
Koontz John, millman, Johnstown, 5th W.
Koslow James, laborer, Woodvale.
Lewis Evan J., foreman, Millville, 1st W.
Link Martin, farmer, Clearfield Twp.
Mayer C. J., painter, Johnstown, 3d W.
McClellan Frank, laborer, Millville, 1st W.
McDermitt Henry, farmer, Barr Twp.
McManamy Charles, farmer, Washington Twp.
Reed Samuel, farmer, Blacklick Twp.
Stolz John, innkeeper, Carrolltown.
Tomb H. M., merchant, Lower Yoder.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Adams W. B., farmer, Jackson township.
Arble Frederick, farmer, Carroll township.
Arnold H. W., agent, Johnstown, 1st ward.
Bock A. C., tinner, Gallitzin borough.
Burnheimer Peter J., shoemaker, Wilmore.
Campbell John, gentleman, Johnstown, 1st ward.
Carroll Peter, machinist, Millville, 1st ward.
Criste William, farmer, Allegheny township.
Davis Thomas S., gentleman, Johnstown, 1st w.
Davis Chauncey, innkeeper, Upper Yoder.
Dansel Joseph, laborer, Gallitzin borough.
Dillon J. C., blacksmith, Gallitzin township.
Disheng H. C., laborer, Millville, 1st ward.
Dodson William, farmer, Clearfield township.
Fees John E., shoemaker, Cambria, 1st ward.
George A. A., farmer, Washington township.
Gasman Daniel, farmer, Susquehanna township.
Gibbons D. Byron, salesman, Johnstown, 1st w.
Glasgow M. S., farmer, Reade township.
Gray Daniel, farmer, Susquehanna township.
Gray Caleb, farmer, Elder township.
Griffin Joseph, farmer, Munster township.
Griffith David S., plasterer, Johnstown, 5th w.
Gutwald Joseph, butcher, Ebensburg, W. ward.
Hayes Thomas, engineer, Cambria, 1st ward.
Hines John, innkeeper, Richland township.
Hines John A., farmer, Blacklick township.
Hipsch Joseph, farmer, Chest township.
Horner Daniel, farmer, Susquehanna township.
Itell Frank, farmer, Allegheny township.
Itell James, farmer, Portage township.
Jones Richard, justice of the peace, Conemaugh, 1st ward.
Lehr William, laborer, Johnstown, 6th ward.
McGough Demetrius, farmer, Allegheny twp.
Melott J. N., teamster, Croyle township.
Miller Wm. H., clerk, Johnstown, 6th ward.
Murphy James J., clothier, Johnstown, 2d ward.
Myers Isaiah, farmer, Croyle township.
Noel M. J., laborer, White township.
Powell D. W., laborer, Cambria township.
Ramey Joseph, carpenter, Washington twp.
Riffle Peter, agent, Cambria, 2d ward.
Sharbaugh John W., merchant, Carrolltown.
Swank Morrell, clerk, Johnstown, 4th ward.
Weakland John, farmer, Carroll township.
Weakland Anslem, farmer, Elder township.
Weaver Joseph, laborer, Cambria, 1st ward.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Adams W. A., merchant, Franklin.
Adams Samuel, laborer, East Taylor township.
Bantley William, clerk, Johnstown, 6th ward.
Brown John, boss, Johnstown, 4th ward.
Crofford Daniel, clerk, Jonstown, 6th ward.
Criste Vincent, carpenter, Washington township.
Davis Amos, miner, East Taylor township.
Farren Joseph B., farmer, Cambria township.
Freidhoff P. S., innkeeper, Conemaugh, 1st w.
Frank C. A., carpenter, Millville, 1st ward.
Gull John, Jr., laborer, Johnstown, 5th ward.
Hibner Henry, mason, Johnstown, 7th ward.
Hancuff J. J., laborer, Gallitzin borough.
Horrocks Jonathan, miner, Conemaugh, 2d ward.
Horton Joseph, laborer, Woodvale.
Itel Thomas, student, Portage township.
Jones Robert, laborer, Cambria, 1st ward.
Kemery Adam, farmer, West Taylor township.
Knavel George, tailor, West Taylor township.
Lewis John E., millman, Johnstown, 1st ward.
Luther H. A., farmer, Carroll township.
Langbein C. A., innkeeper, Carrolltown.
Luther S. J., farmer, Carroll township.
McCance Albert, farmer, Chest township.
McCoy J. S., farmer, Allegheny township.
McConnell A. J., sawyer, Clearfield township.
McConnell John, farmer, Clearfield township.
McDermott Thomas, innkeeper, Millville, 2d w.
McGough James, farmer, Summerhill township.
Murray Robert, laborer, Cambria township.
Myers Ben. E., carpenter, Reade township.
O'Connor James, laborer, Upper Yoder.
O'Neill Thomas, millman, Johnstown, 5th ward.
Orris George J., laborer, Adams township.
O'Brien William S., merchant, Millville, 1st w.
Parsons Robert, tailor, Johnstown, 2d ward.
Porter John, teamster, Tunnelhill.
Pritch Philip, farmer, Washington township.
Rager Andrew A., foreman, Lower Yoder.
Reynolds Henry, farmer, Adams township.
Saxton W. C., laborer, East Conemaugh.
Sill Anthony, farmer, Allegheny township.
Smith James, Jr., laborer, Gallitzin borough.
Snyder S. M., farmer, Jackson township.
Spires Wesley, farmer, Gallitzin borough.
Stibich John, laborer, Cambria, 2d ward.
Switzer Jacob, painter, Cooperdale.
Wilson Smillie, foreman, Johnstown, 1st ward.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses have been issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court since last Tuesday week:

Robert Walton and Kate Mipp, Conemaugh borough.

James H. Patterson and Charlotte Kelly, of Baker's mines, Gallitzin township.

William Thomas Moss and Sarah Mary Collins, of South Fork.

William Henderson and Lizzie K. Allendorfer, Johnstown.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Henry Blum, of Carrolltown, Dies After a Brief Illness.

CARROLLTOWN, Jan. 12 '86.

DEAR FREEMAN: The unexpected death of Mr. Henry Blum, one of our foremost and most respected citizens, whose funeral took place to-day, has cast such a gloom over our community and called forth so many expressions of sorrow that your correspondent feels that a brief obituary notice of the deceased would be appreciated by many of your readers.

The deceased was born in Windeschbuch, Baden, in Germany, on the 20th of December, 1834, and had consequently but entered upon his 52nd year. He came to New York on the 13th of September, 1863, and in April, 1864, came to Carrolltown. On September 27th of the latter year he was united in matrimony with Miss Annie Schroth, a sister of our townsman, Mr. Lawrence Schroth. Prior to his marriage the deceased became a convert to the Catholic Church, and was baptized in that faith at St. Philomena's church, in Pittsburg. His esteemed and respected partner in life, with twelve children—four boys and eight girls—survive him, and bitterly mourn his untimely taking away. The deceased had added to natural gifts of more than ordinary intelligence the fruits of considerable travel and the advantages it brings to an observant mind; and it appears from a little manuscript book found among his papers, called a "book of travel," that in the various places he had been in Europe he had been held in the same esteem and respect that he had commanded here during his twenty-one years' residence here. This book shows in the handwriting of his various employers such entries as this: "Vienna, Austria, 1862. Henry Blum worked at St. Max Brewery upward of a year, and was a faithful and diligent employe." Signed by his employer. This is said to be the largest brewery in the world. He had also been at Nerenburg, Munich, Saltsburg, Augsburg, and finally in Paris, still pursuing the same occupation. No wonder, then that he was fully and skillfully prepared to take possession of the brewery here, which, in company with A. Haug, his brother-in-law, he first rented from Martin Schroth, and afterwards purchased and improved, and which he carried on at his decease. On Sunday, January 3d, the lamented deceased first complained of feeling ill, and from that till the time of his decease the disease appeared to run riot through his system. The cause of his death was technically known as acute *nephitis*—something akin to inflammation of the kidneys, but, suffering no great pain, it was difficult to convince him that his life was in danger. He cheerfully made his preparations for death, however, at the solicitations of his family and friends, and peacefully, without a struggle, resigned his soul to God at ten minutes before midnight on January 9th—Saturday.

It is difficult to do justice to the memory of a man so much loved and esteemed as Henry Blum. His charity was simply boundless. No one ever came to him for kindness or favor who received it not, and departing this life it may be truly said he left not an enemy behind. Manly, just, generous and kind he commanded the respect and won the regard and affection of all who knew him. To his stricken wife and children we would fain extend a word of solace but, alas! the condolence we can give may little assuage their feelings of loss. May God in his love comfort them and in his mercy grant rest to the soul of the deceased.

E.

Symptoms.

Slight pain in the side, the skin and eyes assume a thick yellow coat, digestion is impaired, an unpleasant sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach is experienced, the bowels are irregular, the mind fretful, the memory weakened, sometimes a slight cough, coldness of the hands and feet, sometimes loss of appetite and at others unnatural craving for food, dizziness of the head, blurring before the eyes, depressed spirits, bad breath, feeling of uncertainty of having left something undone but can't tell what it is. Take Simmons Liver Regulator, it will remove all these feelings and make you well.

Stone in the Kidney

Expelled After Using Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" Two Weeks.

One of the most remarkable cases that has ever been brought to the notice of the public is that of Mr. J. S. Beach, of Stone Ridge, Ulster county, N. Y. Mr. Beach had suffered since Oct. 18, 1874, from the presence of Calculus or Stone in the right Kidney. No less than seven physicians were employed at different times, to whom Mr. Beach paid hundreds of dollars for medical treatment, with only temporary relief from his agony. By the urgent solicitations of his friends he was induced to try Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," and experienced a marked improvement from the first day he began to use the medicine. On the 15th of September he voided a stone as large as could be passed through the natural channel.

Mr. Beach concludes a long letter to Dr. Kennedy by saying: "It will always afford me pleasure to recommend the 'Favorite Remedy' to those who may be suffering from difficulties of the Kidneys and Bladder, or any disorders arising from an impure state of the blood."

Wm. McKnew, 224 Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., says: "I believe 'Favorite Remedy' is a good medicine. It is doing me more good than anything I ever tried, and I have tried almost everything, for I am a sufferer from dyspepsia." While "Favorite Remedy" is a specific in Stomach and Bladder diseases, it is equally valuable in cases of billious disorders, Constipation of the Bowels and all the class of ills apparently inseparable from the constitutions of women. Price, $1; six bottles, $5.

An Efficient Remedy

In all cases of **Bronchial** and **Pulmonary Affections** is AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. As such it is recognized and prescribed by the medical profession, and in many thousands of families, for the past forty years, it has been regarded as an invaluable household remedy. It is a preparation that only requires to be taken in very small quantities, and a few doses of it administered in the early stages of a **cold** or **cough** will effect a speedy cure, and may, very possibly, save life. There is no doubt whatever that

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Has preserved the lives of great numbers of persons, by arresting the development of **Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and Pulmonary Consumption**, and by the cure of those dangerous maladies. It should be kept ready for use in every family where there are children, as it is a medicine far superior to all others in the treatment of **Croup**, the alleviation of **Whooping Cough**, and the cure of **Colds** and **Influenza**, ailments peculiarly incidental to childhood and youth. Promptitude in dealing with all diseases of this class is of the utmost importance. The loss of a single day may, in many cases, entail fatal consequences. Do not waste precious time in experimenting with medicines of doubtful efficacy, while the malady is constantly gaining a deeper hold, but take at once the speediest and most certain to cure,

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE PROTECTION MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAMBRIA COUNTY for the year ending Dec. 31, 1885:

Am't insured December 31, 1884	$1,705,828.82	
Am't insured during the year	345,219.00	$2,051,047.82
Deduct am't expired during year	268,274.00	
Deduct am't surrendered and canceled	57,695.00	325,969.00
Am't insured Dec. 31, 1885		$1,725,078.84
Am't notes in force Dec. 31, 1884	$160,275.58	
Am't premium notes taken during year	36,043.00	196,318.58
Deduct am't expired during year	25,555.00	
Deduct am't surrendered and canceled	6,642.00	32,197.00
Am't prem. notes in force Dec. 31, '85		$161,121.58
Number policies issued during year		295
Number policies in force Dec. 31, 1885		2,062

CASH ACCOUNT—RECEIPTS.

Am't on hand at last settlement	$2,120.61	
Cash for new insurance	1,177.44	
Balance assessment, No. 8	1,469.42	$4,767.47

EXPENDITURES—LOSSES PAID.

J. A. McCormick	$600.00
Joseph Gutwald	1,222.00
James Myers	27.50
John Lloyd & Sons	37.50
Henry Ebel	500.00
Mary R. Morgan	8.00
Michael Ryan	3.00
Joseph Hopter	66.05
Michael Crossauer	17.74
W. W. Harris (partial paym't)	1,000.00

OTHER EXPENSES.

Comm'n on balance assessm't	73.47	
Secretary's fees	147.50	
Treasurer's salary	80.00	
Rent	40.00	
Agent's commission	219.75	
Prem's ret'd, policies canceled	90.72	
Printing, postage, stationery, expressage, etc	149.75	
Exoneration assessm't No. 8	137.08	
Compensation Ex. Committee	25.00	
Expenses adjusting losses, etc	23.50	
Balance on hand	298.90	$4,767.47
Prem. notes in force Dec. 31, 1885		$161,121.58

LOSSES ADJUSTED NOT PAID

W. W. Harris (balance)	$500.00
Poor Directors Cambria County	1,100.00
Total	$1,600.00

THE foregoing account audited, found correct, and approved this 8th day of January, A. D. 1886.

JOHN J. EVANS,
JOHN LLOYD,
D. T. ROBERTS,
Ex. Committee.

Jan. 15, 1886.—3t.

FOR SALE.—Two valuable town lots, 100 by 200 feet, situate in Loretto, Pa., in a very desirable location for business and having thereon a good dwelling house, storeroom, stable and other outbuildings, together with a number of good bearing apple trees, well of good water and cistern, all of which are in good condition, will be sold at a very low figure. For terms, etc., apply, on the premises, to JAMES O'DONNELL.
Loretto, Jan. 8, 1886.-tf

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the first and partial account of Rebecca A. Glass (formerly Rebecca A. Christy) Administratrix of Josiah M. Christy, deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria County, Pa., to make distribution of the fund in the hands of said accountant, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office, in the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, on *Tuesday, January 26, 1886*, at **10 o'clock, a. m.**, of said day, to discharge the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

JOHN FENLON, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Dec. 24, 1885.-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Dr. W. A. BARNETT, dec'd.
Letters of Administration on the estate of Dr. W. A. Barnett, late of Croyle township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to the said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same must present them properly authenticated for settlement.
J. T. LONG, Administrator.
Summerhill, Croyle Twp., Dec. 18, 1885.-6t.

M. D. KITTELL,
Attorney-at-Law
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Armory Building, opp. Court House.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. J. Lloyd, dec'd, (first floor,) Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.]

JOHN E. SCANLAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Nov. 16, 1883. EBENSBURG, PA.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Lowest Rates for advertising in 962 good newspapers sent free. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Messrs. N. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents.

Hardware! Hardware!

IMPORTANT TO CITIZENS OF EBENSBURG AND VICINITY.

WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF INforming the people of Ebensburg and vicinity, that we have opened out in the Tudor building on High street, a new, large and complete stock of hardware of every description,

MECHANICS' TOOLS, BUILDERS' HARDWARE.
FARM IMPLEMENTS, FORKS, SPADES, BLACSMITH TOOLS, HORSE SHOES, HARROW PINS
NAILS OF ALL KINDS, BAR IRON and STEEL,
HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS, REVOLVERS, CUTLERY, GUNS, SHELLS,
CARTRIDGES, TWINES, CORDAGE, ETC.

Referring to the above, we respectfully ask the citizens of Ebensburg and surrounding country for a share of their patronage. We have been regularly trained in the hardware business, have bought our goods for cash and believe we can offer great inducements to those who desire to purchase.

E. DUFTON & SON.
EBENSBURG, April 3, 1885.

CARL RIVINIUS,

—PRACTICAL—

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

—AND DEALER IN—

Watches. Clocks.
—JEWELRY.—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.

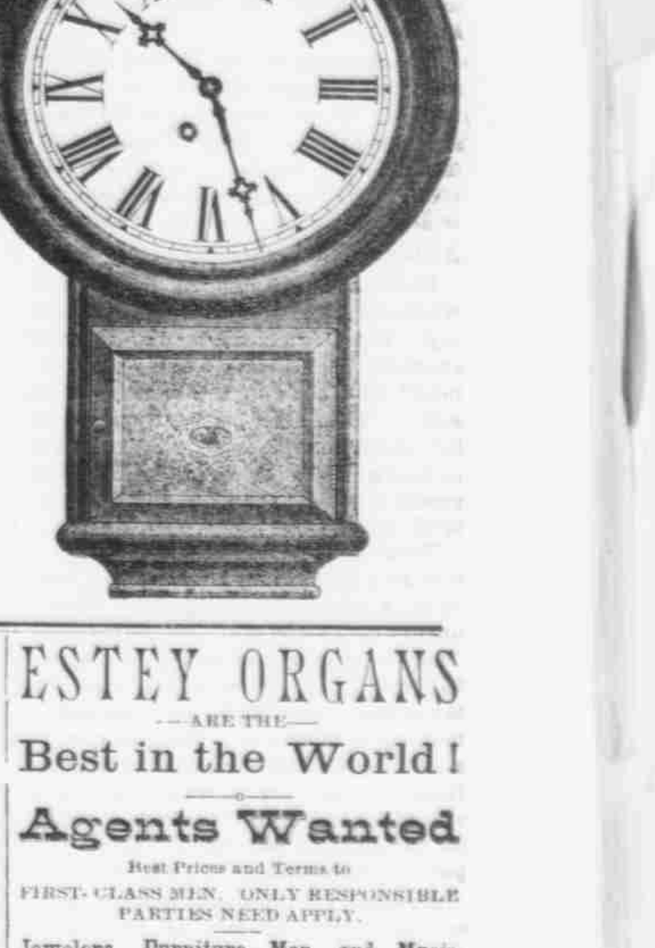
Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford
WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches
In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KINDS of JEWELRY always on hand.

My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED
CARL RIVINIUS.
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885.-tf.



THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in NEW YORK.

VIRGINIA FARMS FOR SALE. 500 farms, 20 to 10,000 acres at $2 to $25 per acre. Good markets. Healthy climate. Favorable prospects. Write for circulars containing description. Sent free. PYLE & DeHAVEN, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, Petersburg, Va.

AMERICA'S FINEST CLOTHING IS MADE
—BY—
GOETZ, THE TAILOR.
LOOK LIKE A MAN.

ESTEY ORGANS

—ARE THE—

Best in the World!

Agents Wanted

Best Prices and Terms to
FIRST-CLASS MEN. ONLY RESPONSIBLE PARTIES NEED APPLY.

Jewelers, Furniture Men and Music Can Sell Our Instruments.



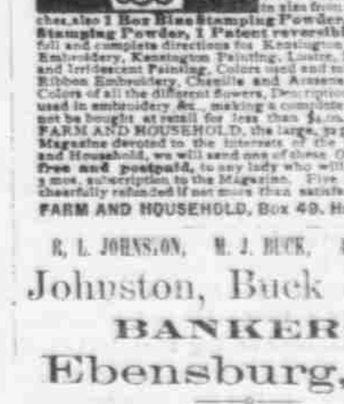
WE ALSO HANDLE FOR THE TRADE
—THE—
SHONINGER ORGANS,
CLOUGH & WARRENS ORGANS,
STORY & CLARK ORGANS,
STERLING ORGANS,
DECKER BROS. PIANOS,
BEHR BROS. PIANOS,
Wm. KNABE & CO.'S PIANOS
J. & C. FISSHER PIANOS.

Our business being the largest in Pennsylvania we have facilities for supplying the trade at better rates than you can possibly get from the Factory.

Correspondents Solicited. Specially Low Prices for Fall Trade.

S. Hamilton,
87 Fifth Ave. & 150 First Ave.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Nov. 27.-1m.

KENSINGTON
STAMPING OUTFIT FREE!



Being fully aware of the great interest the ladies are taking in Kensington Work, we have prepared a Complete Outfit containing 50 Perforated Stamping patterns on best government bond parchment. Paper, all different, including Sprays of Golden Rod, Pansies, Wild Roses, Forget-me-nots, Thistle, Strawberries, Outlines of Boy, Girl, Bugs, Spiders, Snakes, Scollops for Skirts, Crazy Stitch Patterns, Crystal Etchings, Borders, Pond Lilies, Tulips, &c., &c., 50 in all, ranging in size from 1 1-2 in. to 7 inches, also 1 Box Blue Stamping Powder, 1 Box White Stamping Powder, 1 Patent reversible Pouncet, and full and complete directions for Kensington Stamping and Embroidery, Kensington Painting, Lustre, Metallic, Flitter and Irridescent Painting, Colors used and mixing of Colors, Ribbon Embroidery, Chenille and Arasene Work, Correct Colors of all the different flowers, Description of every stitch used in embroidery &c., making a complete Outfit that cannot be bought at retail for less than $1.00. To introduce FARM AND HOUSEHOLD, the large, 16 page Illustrated Magazine devoted to the interests of the Country Home and Household, we will send one of these Outfits complete free and postpaid, to any lady who will send 25c. for 3 mos. subscription to the Magazine. Five for $1. Money cheerfully refunded if not more than satisfactory. Address FARM AND HOUSEHOLD, Box 49, Hartford, Conn.

R. L. JOHNSTON, M. J. BUCK, A. W. BUCK.
Johnston, Buck & Co.,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Money Received on Depsit,
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the Principal Cities Bought and Sold and a
General Banking Business Transacted.
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.
Ebensburg, April 4, 1884.-tf.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!
Three Doors West of Postoffice,
HIGH STREET, EBENSBURG, PA.
J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cosy. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

LORETTO HOUSE,
(Formerly known as the Myers House)
LORETTO, CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.,
W. H. PRUNER, Proprietor.
Sample Room for Salesmen and good stabling for horses. TERMS MODERATE.

AND GARDEN NOTES.

Bits of Information for Our Country Husbandmen.

...s have a canker that puzzles ...orists. Indeed, that flower is scarce at the greenhouses.

According to a report of a Dakota ...rmer, his field of barley grew thirty-...ght inches in thirty eight days or at ...e rate of an inch a day.

We know of a farmer who at this time has a grain rake standing out in the field where he had it in use last summer. We ask this gentleman, does farming pay?

Evergreens should be so placed and mingled with deciduous trees that when the leaves of the latter fall the others may, as it were, take their place to cheer the winter scenes. This may be accomplished without crowding either.

A willow farm in Macon, Ga., produces about a ton of switches to the acre, commanding, when dried, $200, and as the leaves and bark sell at twenty-five cents a pound, baled, the enterprise pays better than cotton.

Before slaughtering an animal withhold all food from it for twenty-four hours, but allow it all the water it will drink. This course empties intestines facilitates the cleaning of the carcass and lessens the possibility of contamination of the meat.

Earth worms in pots will generally succumb under liberal doses of lime and tobacco water. A florist also used successfully ten drops of carbolic acid in a pint of water. Poured upon the earth, the worms are killed and the plants improved.

To prevent a spread of chicken cholera, Dr. Salmon recommends a mixture of two ounces of sulphuric acid and two gallons of water. This will destroy every germ of the cholera that it touches and is one of the best disinfectants known.

The rice crop of the United States is said to average 400,000 to 500,000 barrels. It is divided among the States about as follows: North Carolina, 30,000 barrels; South Carolina, 100,000; Georgia, 80,000; Louisiana, 200,000. It is also grown in Florida, Mississippi, Alabama and Texas.

Plants are drawn out of the earth in winter by successive freezing and thawing. Freezing contracts and thawing expands the earth. The plants are raised up in thawing and settling down again. Thus even plants, if not set below the action of frosts, will eventually be thrown out. A covering of muck prevents surface thawing, and thus protects the plants.

There is no more pleasurable way of spending an evening on the farm, than in the study of some subject of natural history connected with the farm work. There is an extensive variety of subjects to choose from, and all are of such interest that there can be no difficulty in making a selection. Moreover, as a method of cultivating social intercourse these subjects may be studied and discussed among a few friends, invited for the purpose, who should come prepared to take part in the conversation.

An impression prevails among farmers that briers enrich the ground on which they grow, and for this reason they are allowed to spring up in pastures and old corners on many farms. An old brier patch is rich because every leaf or blade of grass that the wind carried into them is held there, and the grass and weeds that grow there, being where stock cannot get at them, fall down where they grow, and in course of time the soil naturally gets rich and the farmer becomes poor through paying taxes on land that he gets nothing from.

The yield of the Florida orange crop will be very near 900,000 boxes. The boxes will average 195 to 170 oranges—that is, standard boxes. Last season the standard box held 180, the year previous only about 160. There is less rust than ever known before. The fruit is larger, brighter and smoother than last year. As to price, the grower will get from $1.75 to $2 per box.

Gather the nuts fresh and sound. Select some place out of the way and take up a sod, drop the nut in its place, then put the sod back inverted and press it down. Leave until planting time in the spring when most of the nuts will be sprouted or started to sprout. Walnuts and chestnuts should be planted where intended to stand. Cultivation and protection are necessary.

DOG-BITTEN CHILDREN.

Dr. Pastuer's Remedy for Hydrophobia.

An amount nearly sufficient to send to Paris the children who were bitten by a mad dog at Newark, N. J., last week has been raised, and the children will sail on Wednesday, on the steamer Canada. Dr. Pastuer, in whose care the children will be placed, believes that he has discovered an antidote for hydrophobia, but it must be used before the disease develops itself. He begun his experiments in 1882. He took a portion of the spinal cord of dog that had died of hydrophobia, and with that he inoculated a rabbit in the first membrane of the brain. It went mad in fifteen days. Then with a portion of the spinal cord of this rabbit he inoculated another rabbit in the same way, and it went mad in thirteen days, and so on. He continued inoculations from rabbit to rabbit, finding the strength of the virus increase each time, until the ninetieth time produced hydrophobia in only seven days. He then took very small portions of the spinal cord of his ninetieth rabbit, and which contained the greatest virulence yet obtained, and suspended these bits of virus in empty bottles, in which the air was kept extremely dry by means of potash in the bottom of the bottle. After several days' exposure in a dry, cold temperature the virus loses all its strength. The time required for this loss depends on the size of the pieces and the dryness and coldness of the air. Then of this virus which has lost its strength he takes a small portion dissolved in sterile beuillion and, with a privaz syringe, he inoculates the animal. Each day he inoculates it again with virus, just a little stronger each time, until at last the system becomes so accustomed to the poison that he can use the virus that has not been dried at all, and which would produce hydrophobia in seven days if the system has not been so treated to it by degrees. He treated one hundred dogs in this way, and *not one* has become mad.



Mary Anderson writes: I am delighted with your Coraline Corset. It is perfect in fit and elegant in design and workmanship.

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Coraline is not Hemp, Jute, Tampico, or Mexican Grass.
Coraline is used in no goods except those sold by WARNER BROTHERS.
The genuine **Coraline** is superior to whalebone, and gives honest value and perfect satisfaction.
Imitations are a fraud and dear at any price.
For sale by all leading merchants. Price from $1.00 up.

WARNER BROTHERS,
353 BROADWAY, New York. 141 & 143 WABASH AVE., Chicago.

PORTER AND DONALDSON

WHOLESALE HEADQUARTERS MILLINERY —AND— SPECIALTIES.

Corsets, Jerseys, Gloves, Veilings, Nets, Ladies' Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Embroideries, Spool Silks, Floss and Arrasene.

Merchants and Milliners will receive our Monthly Journal of Fashion *Free* if they will send us their address.

Nos. 820, 822 & 824 LIBERTY STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

PE-RU-NA

Peruna is composed wholly of numerous vegetable ingredients, each one of which is acknowledged by the medical profession to be the most potent of all the herbal remedies known to medical science. It cures without fail every case of

Chronic Catarrh, Consumption, General and Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, Chronic Rheumatism, Diabetis, Stone in the Bladder, Bright's Disease, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and Diseases of the Stomach.

If your Druggist is out of our pamphlets on the "Ills of Life," or if you are laboring under a disease not mentioned in it or in these advertisements, address the proprietors, S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio. (No. 4.)

MANALIN positively cures Constipation, Piles and Diarrhoea. Sold by all druggists. One dollar per bottle; six for $5.00. Directions in English and German.

IMMUNITY from ANNOYANCE



Made only of the finest and best quality of Glass for withstanding heat.

Every good thing is Counterfeited, and consumers are CAUTIONED against IMITATIONS of these Chimneys made of VERY POOR GLASS. See that the exact label is on each chimney as above. The Pearl Top is always clear and bright Glass.

Manufactured ONLY by
GEO. A. MACBETH & CO.
Pittsburgh Lead Glass Works.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS.

DR. SELLERS'
OVER 1,000,000 BOTTLES SOLD AND NEVER FAILS TO CURE COUGHS, COLDS, THROAT AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES. ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT. PRICE 25 CTS.
COUGH SYRUP

DON'T FORGET THAT DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER ALWAYS CURES PIMPLES, BOILES, SORE EYES, MALERIA, MECURIAL AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. R.E. SELLERS & CO. Props. PITTSBURGH, PA.

NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. LANDS

In Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon.

From Lake Superior to Puget Sound.

At prices ranging chiefly from $2 to $6 per acre, on 5 to 10 years' time. This is the Best Country for securing Good Homes now open for settlement.

FREE 320 acres of Government Land Free under the Homestead and Timber Culture Laws. NOTE —10,818,433 Acres OR MORE THAN HALF of all the Public Lands disposed of in 1883 were in the Northern Pacific country. Books and Maps sent FREE, describing the Northern Pacific Country, the Railroad Lands for sale and the FREE Government Lands. Address, CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Com'r, N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.



AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR NEW BOOK "SPY OF THE REBELLION."

Now selling by the *Tens of thousands!* No competition. Only book of its kind. The "SPY" reveals many *secrets of the war* never before published. A graphic account of the conspiracy to assassinate Lincoln. Perilous experiences of our FEDERAL SPIES in the Rebel Capitol; their heroic bravery fully recounted in these vivid sketches. The "Spy" is the most thrilling war book ever published. Endorsed by hundreds of Press and Agents' testimonials. A large handsome book, 688 pages; 50 illustrations.

AGENTS WANTED!

AGENTS! This book is *out-selling* all others. Over *one hundred thousand* applications for agencies have been received. We have many agents who have sold from *two to five hundred copies.*

The "SPY" is sold only by our Agents, and can *not* be found in bookstores. Sells to merchants, farmers, mechanics, and *everybody.* Absolutely *the easiest book to sell ever known!* We want one agent in every Grand Army Post and in every township and county in the U. S. For full particulars and *terms to agents* address G. W. CARLETON & CO., Publishers, New York.

Mason & Hamlin

ORGANS: Highest Honors at all Great World's Exhibitions for eighteen years ... Styles, $22 to $900. For Cash, Easy Payments or Rented. Catalogues free.



PIANOS: New mode of Stringing. Do not require one-quarter as much tuning as Pianos on the prevailing "wrest-pin" system. Remarkable for purity of tone and durability.

ORGAN AND PIANO CO.
154 Tremont St., Boston. 46 E. 14th St. (Union Sq.), N. Y. 149 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

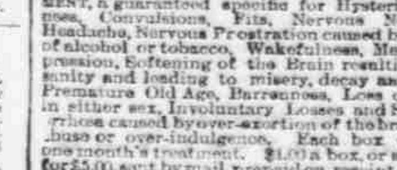
Duff's Mercantile College, Pittsburgh.

A live school, imparting a practical business education; enabling young men to enter upon the active duties of life. For circulars address P. DUFF & SONS. [Sept. 25.–2m.



FOR SALE! Clydesdale Stallions and Galloway Bulls. The best in America. All from renowned Sires in Scotland. All registered and pedigrees furnished. Prices Low and Terms Easy. Address, McKAY BROS., Brookside Farm, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Health is Wealth!



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by
JOHN C. WEST & CO.,
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Consult Dr. BUTTS Dr. La Barge, successor to ... In diseases of the Blood, Skin and Bones.—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Gonorrhea, Syphilitic and Mercurial Affections. Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Deformities Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail. Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss. Address Dr. C. L. LaBARGE, Pres't and Physician in Charge Central Med. & Surg. Institute, 920 Locust st., St. Louis, Mo. Successor to Dr. Butts' Dispensary. Established 30 Years.

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SELLERS' LIVER PILLS have stood for 30 years the Standard Remedy for the cure of Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Sick Headache, and all derangements of the Liver. Read: "Sellers' Liver Pills cured me of Liver Complaint, which compelled me to quit work."—Wm. Andrews, Baltimore. "I can recommend Sellers' Liver Pills. They have saved hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills." —Thos. Adams, Big Sandy, Kentucky. Price 25c. a Box. Sold by all Druggists and country Store-Keepers. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop's, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A PIE OF SEVENTEEN SEVENTY.

An account of a Christmas pie taken from the New Castle *Chronicle* of January 6, 1770, is as follows: "Monday last was brought from Howick to Bewick to be shipped to London for Sir Henry Grey, Bart., a pie, the contents of which were as follows, viz: Two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipes, four partridges, two neats' tongues, two curleys, seven black-birds and six pigeons. It is supposed a great curiosty; was made by Mrs. Dorothy Patterson, housekeeper at Bewick. It was nearly nine feet in circumference at the bottom, weighs about twelve stone, will take two men to present it to table; it is neatly fitted with a case and four small wheels to facilitate its use to every guest that inclines to partake of its contents at table."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. For sale by E. James.

Helpless Upon a Friendless Sea!

Who, in taking passage in a great transatlantic steamer, does not feel a thrill of exultation over her magnificent power. Against her the Storm King may hurl his elemental forces, nor pierce her armor, nor stop her onward course.

But let me describe a scene when, one morning in mid-ocean, there came an alarm from the pilot house followed by a cry: "The ship's rudder is lost!" From the confident expression, consternation came to every face. The wheelman being helpless to direct her course, the vessel was at the mercy of wind and wave.

The captain had been negligent—the hangings of the rudder were allowed to wear weak, and suddenly it had dropped deep into the sea!

Strong in intellect, in physical vigor, in energy and ambition, man confronts, undaunted, gigantic tasks, and commands applause for his magnificent achievements. But, all unexpectedly, an alarm come—the rudder of his constitution is gone. He has been careless of its preservation; mental strain, ... achievements, irregular habits, over work, have destroyed the action of his kidneys and liver. This would not occur were Warner's safe cure used to maintain vigor. And even now it may restore vitality to those organs and give back to the man that which will lead him to the haven of his ambition.—*The Traveler.*

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To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

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The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2818 Madison Square, Phila., Pa. At Druggists. Trade supplied by Roller & Shoemaker, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Wherever milk is used plentifully, there the children grow into robust men and women. Wherever its place is usurped by tea we have degeneracy swift and certain. Dr. Ferguson, a factory surgeon, who has devoted a large share of attention to this subject, has ascertained, from careful measurements of numerous factory children, that between thirteen and fourteen years of age they grow nearly four times as fast on milk for breakfast and supper as on tea and coffee—a fact which shows the benefits of proper diet. No diet is so suitable for growing children as well-cooked oatmeal porridge and milk, long the staple food in Scotch families, but now, in many instances, abandoned for diet very much inferior. Owing to its easy digestibility, it is of equal benefit to invalids, and more especially dyspeptics, who often regain health and pick up flesh at a wonderfully rapid rate on milk, or milk and good bread.—*Chambers' Journal.*

FITS—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia.

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With every disease imaginable for the last three years. Our Druggist, T. J. Anderson, recommending "Hop Bitters" to me, I used two bottles! Am entirely cured, and heartily recommend Hop Bitters to every one. J. D. Walker, Buckner, Mo.

I write this as a Token of the great appreciation I have of your Hop * * * Bitters. I was afflicted With inflammatory rheumatism!!! For nearly Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any Good!!! Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well today as ever I was. I hope "You may have abundant success" "In this great and" Valuable medicine: Anyone! * * wishing to know more about my cure? Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Washington, D. C.

——I consider your Remedy the best remedy in existence For Indigestion, Kidney —Complaint "And nervous debility. I have just" Returned "From the south in a fruitless search for health, and find that your Bitters are doing me more Good! Than anything else; A month ago I was extremely "Emaciated!!!" And scarcely able to walk. Now I am Gaining strength! and "Flesh!" And hardly a day passes but what I am * * * * * * * complimented on my improved appearance, and it is all due to Hop Bitters! J. Wickliffe Jackson, —*Wilmington, Del.*

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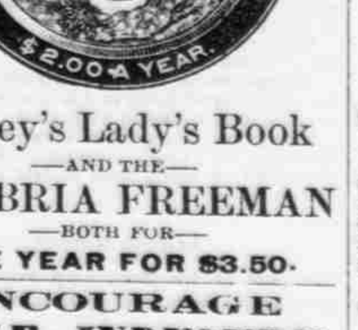
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"Roughon Rats." clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs.

Heart Pains. Palpitation, dropsical swellings, dizziness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by Wells' Health Renewer.

"Rough on Corns." Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Buchu-Paiba." Quick, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. $1, druggists.

Bed-Bugs, Flies. Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

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"Rough on Pain." Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 20c. Rough on Pain Plasters, 15c.

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Life Preserver. If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Piles." Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

Pretty Women. Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Well's Health Renewer."

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PARKER'S TONIC kept in a home is a sentinel to keep sickness out. Used discreetly it keeps the blood pure and the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys in working order. Coughs and Colds vanish before it. It builds up the health.

If you suffer from Debility, Skin Eruptions, Cough, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Kidney, Urinary or Female Complaints, or any disorder of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, Blood or Nerves, don't wait till you are sick in bed, but use PARKER'S TONIC to-day; it will give you new life and vigor.

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ELY'S Cream Balm Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste & Smell. A Quick & Positive Cure.

A particle is applied in each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price, 50 cts, by mail or at Druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y. May 1, 1884. 5.

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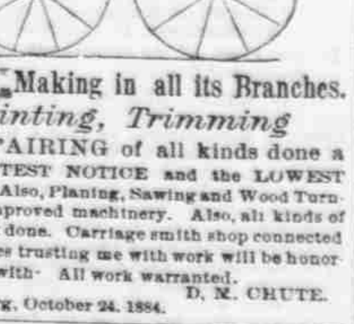
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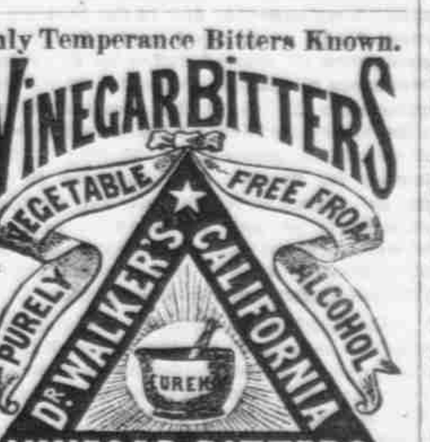
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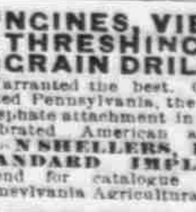


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Millions bear testimony to its wonderful curative effects.
It is a purely Vegetable Preparation, made from the native herbs and roots of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol.
It removes the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health.
It is the great Blood Purifier and Life-giving Principle; a Gentle Purgative and Tonic; a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the power of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to.
The Alterative, Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Anti-Bilious, Solvent, Diuretic and Tonic properties of VINEGAR BITTERS exceed those of any other medicine in the world.
No person can take the BITTERS according to directions and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.
Bilious, Remittent, Intermittent and Malarial Fevers are prevalent throughout the United States, particularly in the valleys of our great rivers and their vast tributaries during the Summer and Autumn, especially during seasons of unusual heat and dryness.
These Fevers are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon those organs, is absolutely necessary.
There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as it will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.
Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus forearmed.
It Invigorates the Stomach and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, cleansing the blood of all impurities, imparting life and vigor to the frame, and carrying off without the aid of Calomel, or other minerals, all poisonous matter from the system. It is easy of administration, prompt in action, and certain in its results.
Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Pneumonia, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are at once relieved by VINEGAR BITTERS.
For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, the Bitters have no equal. In these, as in all constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS has shown its great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.
Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to Paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take occasional doses of VINEGAR BITTERS.
Skin Diseases, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Swellings, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.
Pin, Tape and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like VINEGAR BITTERS.
Measles, Scarlet Fever, Mumps, Whooping Cough, and all children's diseases may be made less severe by keeping the bowels open with mild doses of the Bitters.
For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, this Bitters has no equal.
Cleanse the Vitiated Blood when its impurities burst through the skin in Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when, and the health of the system will follow.
In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle is a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.
Around each bottle are full directions printed in different languages.
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JOHN E. SCANLAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EBENSBURG, PA. Nov. 15, 1881.

ABOUT WOMEN.

There are 948,000 more women than men in Great Britain.

On the 20th ult., Rebacca Batterson of Little Falls, N. Y., died at the age of 117 years. She was the oldest person in the Mohawk Valley.

Miss Smith, a wealthy old lady, who died recently at Chapel Hill, N. C., bequeathed 100 acres of land and $100 cash to each of her old slaves who are now living.

When Adelaide Neilson died she had in her possession a copy of every photograph of herself which had been published, and the total of these, cartes, cabinets, panels, etc., was 600.

A Washington letter says: "The latest craze which has struck the Washington belle is the carrying of canes. It is the ordinary dude cane, but a little stick with a shepherd's crook of hammered silver.

If you are a very precise man, and wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Ann, for we have the authority of Lindley Murray and others that "an is an indefinite article." —*Yonker's Statesman.*

A girl in Wheeling, W. Va., whose supposed death occurred suddenly at a roller skating rink, was being prepared for burial the other day when signs of consciousness were observed. She had been suffering syncope, attributed to over-exertion and tight lacing.

Miss Detchon, the young American lady who has shone in British royal and aristocratic circles, on account of her beauty and exceptional talent, says the London *Court Journal*, is in Paris, where she is assured an equally amiable and flattering reception in the salons of the French nobility.

Two French women entered into a contest to determine which of them could talk the faster. A mutual friend was appointed umpire, and the sum of 1,000 francs was to go to the victor. For three hours they read from Eugene Sue's feuilleton, and during that time the victor succeeded in pronouncing 296,311 words. Her adversary came in a bad second with 203,560 words.

The story is told in Modale, Iowa, that a certain partisan father promised his daughter a new silk dress if she would persuade a certain bachelor at the place to vote the Democratic ticket. The young woman got in the vote by promising her hand in marriage. Now she refuses to wed, and the old bachelor talks of a suit for damages in $500 for breach of promise.

A novel method of raising funds is to be resorted to at a church entertainment shortly to be held at Dayton, Ga. Each lady attending will be wrapped in a gossamer waterproof and veiled and carry a lunch basket filled. They will then be "sold" at auction to the highest bidder, and the purchaser will secure the lady's company as a partner for the rest of the evening and a share of the contents of her lunch basket.

A Boy and His Dog.

A boy and a dog make the greatest of chums. A boy who owns a dog is well provided with good company. They are true friends, and neither would think of such a thing as going back on the other. Their friendship for each other is true and faithful. If you meet one you are pretty sure to see the other near by, and if one gets into a quarrel, the other is sure to take a hand in it. Did you ever notice a boy and a dog that have been together any length of time? Of course you have. Why they understand each other as well, and better in fact, than two boys would. The dog knows exactly what his little master means when he speaks, and will stick up his ears, turn his head on one side, then on the other, and look the boy square in the face with an all but human expression on his countenance when he is being talked to. It is, "love me, love my dog," with every boy. To insult one is to insult the other, and an insult to each is resented by both.

Why, you could no more buy that dog of his young master than you could hire him to kill his best friend. The wag of that dog's tail is of more value to the boy than anything else, aside, maybe his mother's love, in the world. A dog is a most excellent companion to give a boy. That dumb brute will be true even to death to the boy, and his faithfulness to his young friend does, to a certain extent, create a true and faithful disposition in the boy towards his friends. A boy is generally in good company when he and his dog go out into the woods and fields, and the parent has a reasonable feeling of security for the boy in such company.—*Peck's Sun.*

The Potato.

The potato, originally a South American plant, was introduced into Virginia by Sir John Harvey in 1629, though it was unknown in some counties of England 150 years later. In Pennsylvania potatoes are mentioned soon after the advent of the Quakers. They were not among New York products in 1695, but in 1775 we are told of 11,000 bushels grown on 1 16 acre patch in this province. Potatoes were served perhaps as an exotic rarity, at a Harvard installation dinner in 1707; but the plant was only brought into culture in New England on the arrival of the Presbyterian immigrants from Ireland in 1718. Five bushels of potatoes were accounted a large crop for a Connecticut farmer; for it was held that if a man ate them every day he could not live beyond seven years.

Annual Consumption of Timber.

The annual consumption of 100,000 cords of timber is said to be required in the manufacture shoe pegs in this country, and 300,000 cubic feet of our best pine for lucifer matches. It is further stated that lasts and boot trees annually take 500,000 cords of birch, beech and maple, bundles of tools 200,000 more. The baking of our bricks consumes 2,000,000 cords of wood, the forest of fifty thousand acres of land. Telegraph poles already represent about 800,000 trees, their annual repair about 300,000 more. Railroad ties consume annually about 30 years' growth of 75,000 acres. The fence railroads costs $45,000,000 with a yearly expenditure of $15,000,000 for repairs.